# THE SCOURGE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1812.

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## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The "rejected addresses," one of the most successful satires of Mr. *Gentleman* Smith; and replete with elegant and animated wit, shall meet with due attention in our next number.

The article on Clerical Depravity from Hull, shall not be neglected.

Dr. Porpoise, and the Lady of the Wall, shall be inserted, if the writer will correct its pruriencies.

The complaints of a Correspondent of the Examiner, against Mr. Newman, are under investigation.

The friends of a Royal Duke, have not yet come forward to refute the *calumnies* of his public accusers. If their silence continues we shall resume the subject in our next numher.

We shall be obliged to Vetus for his promised memoirs of a noble clergyman; and for a specimen of his oratory.

Drs. Currie and Ross, shall not finally escape without the reward of their deserts.

The anecdotes of DOCTOR PATRICK D———, are under consideration. We admire the learned Civilian's *Economy,* and shall pay our respects to him.

We are much obliged to our friend, the "FREEHOLDER OF SURRY:" he may rest assured that his communications respecting Mr. LOWNDES, and the County Receivers, are no *tax* upon the pages of the SCOURGE.

We have more than once turned our attention to the memoirs of Mr. STUART and Mr. STREET—our *Couriers* have been alert: the collection which they have brought into our *treasury* will enable us to deal out to our subscribers, an entertaining memoir of these AUGUST personages. We shall also POST some curious particulars of Mr. B——, if our friend *Small Pica* fulfils his promises.

In the variety of matter which presses on our attention from so many quarters, it will not be a mark of censure upon us, that we do not immediately attend to the suggestions of several friends in Hampshire, in Suffolk, in Middlesex, &c. on the subject of defalcations in the revenue receipts. The press of important articles must plead our excuse—a promise of attention in our next will, we trust, redeem our pledges, particularly on the subject of MR. HOLME SUMNER.

THE
# SCOURGE.

NOVEMBER 2, 1812.

## ELECTIONS IN THE ISLE OF BORNEO.

It is to be lamented, Mr. Scourge, that discretion is seldom the companion of wit; and that in amusing themselves with ingenious speculations on men and manners, the race of satirists should be ignorant, or regardless of the miseries, which their frolics of fancy may entail on the sober and well-meaning classes of mankind. A few months ago, I was one of the happiest husbands within the hamlet of Kensington: my wife was a model of conjugal obedience and affection; she observed, in the strictest sense of the word, her nuptial promise to honor and obey; and I verily believe, was of opinion that your humble servant was the greatest, the wisest, and the most amiable of men. The destruction of our happiness, I am sorry to say, Mr. Scourge, must be ascribed to you. About three months since, there appeared in your publication an unfortunate account of a distant empire, in which the women commanded the obedience of the men; and every female was permitted to have as many husbands and as many lovers as she pleased. My wife had always been a great admirer of the Scourge; but this number appeared, above all the others, to captivate her attention: it was her constant companion at her dressing table, and was sure to be the chief subject of conversation between her and her female visitors. I could not for some time comprehend the meaning of all this; my household

affairs were indeed neglected, and my children were suffered to run about the nursery naked and disregarded; but expecting from day to day, her return to her domestic duties, I was unwilling to remonstrate; and might perhaps have continued till now a passive spectator of her conduct, had she not a few days ago presented me with the volumes of Mr. Lawrence; avowed herself a convert to his doctrines; and invited me to accompany her on a trip to Malabar! I was too much surprized to reply to her request; but the nature of her malady now flashed upon my mind with all the force of conviction; and by the assistance of my good friend, Dr. Willis, she is now in a state of gradual convalescence.

The most poignant emotions of pity and sorrow will yield to the operation of time, and the soundness of my slumbers, now that I had obtained a momentary respite from matrimonial duty, contributed not a little to tranquillize my agitated mind. The singular effect, however, of Mr. Lawrence's romance, and your poetical paraphrase of his doctrines, on the temper of my wife excited my curiosity. The turgid nonsense of the Knight of Malta excited, I must confess, no other emotions than contempt and derision; but the manners of the nation, as described by the travellers to whom he refers, were a subject of interesting speculation, and the picture they afforded of unrestrained and voluptuous love, made a strong impression on my memory. I could now indulge in the evening reverie and the morning dream without the interruption of my wife, and you will not be surprised that the Nairesses of Malabar, in all their *simplicity* of dress, should sport before me in visionary radiance. My slumbers were sometimes interrupted by whimsical combinations of English manners, with the scenery and habits of the Nairs: I have witnessed, in the hour of sleep, the conversation between a Japanese gallant, and a maid of honor, and contemplated in imagination the dalliance of our beloved prince with a naked Nairess. But dreams are productive of singular combinations! and to relate the unreal mock-

eries, having no counterpart in real life, that have sometimes obtruded on my hours of repose, would only be to display a dangerous irreverence to superior power.

The last of my dreams, however, has made so strong an impression on my memory, that I can neither repress my inclination to commit it to paper, nor forego conviction that there is attached to it some occult meaning, not unworthy the sagacity of a Moore or a Halhed. At any rate, as it *cannot possibly have any relation* to the jurisprudence or the manners of our own country; and cannot therefore be offensive to any individual, you may at once amuse your readers, and atone for the injuries you have done me, by giving it publicity.

Having been much fatigued during the day, in assisting the canvas of my modest and independent friend, Sir William Curtis, I retired early to bed, and after drinking a glass of Curaçoa turned me to sleep. As I gradually sunk into repose, a confused and intermingled recollection of my wife, the Nairs, and Sir William Curtis, crouded on my mind, till at length all my faculties were enveloped in sleep. I now found myself in the middle of a large and handsome street, resembling Pall Mall, and observed immediately opposite me the gates of a palace, before which were assembled a numerous rabble, who testified by loud and repeated huzzas, that the occasion which had collected them together was an occasion of rejoicing. There were quacks before the palace gates, and several carriages standing at a distance. I addressed one of the multitude in my own language, rather expecting than desiring an answer. To my great surprize, he perfectly understood me, and answered in English, "I see that you are a stranger; take your place by me, and I shall explain to you the ceremonies that you are about to witness. This is the great day of election, on which the Prince of Borneo chuses his ministers of state, and his officers of the household. I perceive from your accent, that you are an Englishman; and to you a scene like this will be equally astonishing and distressing.

In your country virtue and talent are the sole recommendations to the favor of the monarch: the violation of conjugal fidelity is punished by immediate banishment from the presence of the king, and perpetual exclusion from every confidential office; and integrity alone, combined with the wisdom and the courtesy that are necessary to the due fulfilment of the duties of statesmen and ministers, can look up with confidence to the rewards of successful perseverence."

"And are there (I exclaimed) any other recommendations to the favor of your own monarch, than the wisdom of the head, the virtues of the heart; and an ardent zeal for the happiness of their prince, and the welfare of their country?"

"You shall judge (he replied) for yourself. The prince approaches, the candidates are about to state their pretensions: and they will in all probability be granted or refused, as may accord with the caprice of the lady, whom you see approaching on his left."

To describe the imposing splendor of the dresses and the ceremony, would be superfluous, Mr. Editor, if it were possible. It is to those parts of my dream, which are characteristic of the political establishments, and the moral feelings of this extraordinary people that I am most anxious to solicit your attention. Suffice it is to say, that the prince was seated beneath a canopy of state, surrounded by his ancient favourites, and supported on his left by the lady to whose opinion my companion had attributed such powerful influence. The candidates now came forward and stated their pretensions. Previous to the commencement of each harangue, my guide detailed the history of the individual about to speak, and entered into a lively and instructive delineation of his character. But you will form a better estimate of their merits as statesmen, as counsellors, and as subjects, from the speeches of the individuals themselves, than from an imperfect report of a forgotten commentary.

The contest was led by a marquis, who had long be-

every married woman but his wife. True it was, that he had formerly been turned out from the office that he now presumed to solicit, but he was sure that his prince would take into his gracious consideration that the occasion of all his errors had been too fond an attachment to a married woman; and trusted that the remembrance of this circumstance would tend to his speedy reinstatement as C——— in C——."

A singular-looking personage, with a triple crown of horns upon his head, and a white stick in his hand, now came forward, and the assembled multitude seemed to testify, by their impatience, their expectation of some interesting disclosures. But he merely turned round upon his heel, and casting a significant look at the ——, exclaimed, "My master himself has within his own bosom the best evidence of my pretensions to office. He is well acquainted with my merits, and will no doubt reward them."

A tall strapping looking person, shabbily, but buckishly attired, with a peculiar cast of countenance, now stepped forward, and cried out, "My name is sufficient. Whoever has heard of —— must know that I am without a rival in the annals of debauchery. I claim no higher honor than to be my *Prince's friend!*"

The lady now arose with a smiling countenance, and approached to the front of the platform. But at this moment the multitude set up a shout of approbation so long and loud that the noise awoke me, and deprived me of the pleasure that I should have derived from listening to a female orator. P.

notorious for intrigue. "May it please your highness," he exclaimed, "I flatter myself that my services in the cause of love and freedom, are known to every one! I seduced from the bosom of her husband, and delivered from the restraints of conjugal bondage, a beautiful and amiable woman, the beloved wife of a minister of religion, under the mask of friendship, and beneath the garb of sanctity. This one enterprize I hope is sufficient to justify the hope, I presume to entertain, of being attached to your sacred person, and receiving the most weighty proofs of your H——'s gracious favor and approbation. In pursuance, therefore, of the usual form, but with the utmost deference to my prince and patron, I claim the * * * *."

"And I," exclaimed the second candidate, (whom I understood to be the son of the favourite lady,) "have long been indifferent to all the nonsense that is preached about love and affection, and all that. My wife's in a foreign country, God be praised! Dash my whiskers if she be not. Adultery's my delight, d—me. I'll give you my parole of honor that it is. I know how to give *secret instructions* to both maids and widows; so a fig for Fanny-Anny, and Juno, and all the rest of them. I should like to be vice, that is all."

A third, whom I understood to be a near relation of the ——, came forward and stated "that he had lived for twenty-five years in open and obtrusive adultery with an actress. That by her he had had a numerous family of illegitimates, who, along with the mother, he had taken care to obtrude on all respectable society, and hoped that he should not be too presumptuous if, in return for these services to the state, he might be appointed A—— of the F——."

His b—— next appeared. "He was proud to say that the greater part of his life had been past in the commission of adultery. When a bachelor he had debauched the wives of the citizens to the utmost of his power, and since his marriage he had been proud of the embraces of

## THE FAMILY.

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THE public mind has been for some time in a state of extreme agitation from a report which was circulated in the Morning Chronicle of the 7th ult. respecting the result of a visit which the Princess of Wales, the wife of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent (acting in the name and on the behalf of the king of these realms) paid at Windsor Castle. It seems that her Royal Highness went down to Windsor on the 27th of September, for the purpose of seeing her daughter, the Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of her husband the Prince of Wales, regent of these realms, acting in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty. Now we know very well that his Majesty, God bless him! for fifty years and upwards has been the husband of an amiable woman, born at Mecklenburgh Strelitz, by whom he has had a numerous issue, among whom first and foremost stands George, Prince of Wales, the regent of these realms. In the course of that time her Majesty, God bless her! has had free access to *her* children. To be sure, their Majesties lived happily together; *they* never separated; the whole tenor of their lives, public and private, has been one continued scene of domestic enjoyment, unembittered and unalloyed by any "DELICATE INVESTIGATION!"

Her Majesty never knew the pangs of unrequited affection; SHE never felt the arrow of affliction until it pleased Providence to deprive her royal consort of the entire of his mental faculties. Then, and not till then, did her Majesty taste of the bitter cup of sorrow. The draught was intolerable, but resignation to the divine will, and a mind store[illegible]h philosophy, has to a certain degree blunted t[illegible]p edge of her sorrows. Happy in the constant e[illegible]nts of a numerous family, she finds c[illegible]dst of her griefs."

Sixteen years have passed on [s]ince, to the joy of the royal family, a daughter was born to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, a daughter, now the delight of her grandmother, and of her cousins—the delight of her father! the natural affection of a mother cannot be doubted, but for some cause or other, to the nation unexplained, the birth of the daughter was the signal for the separation of the parents. The heir apparent to the crown and his spouse were *then* to be parted—But some appearance of cause for the separation was judged expedient—Then came the story upon which THE DELICATE INVESTIGATION was grounded—the proofs were printed, but—the BOOK was suppressed! All then was mystery. Well might her Royal Highness's friends exclaim, "Justice was denied! Calumny had spit its venom, but in England she could not obtain redress—the laws, equal for the protection of the prince and the peasant here, were a dead letter—*Patere legem quam ipse tu lesti.*"

"THE BOOK" was suppressed; but, as if conscious of the power which had been unjustly exercised against the royal sufferer, attentions were shewn her at Windsor—she was permitted to visit and to be visited by her daughter. The future queen of these realms, however, was denied state—was denied a court—was denied access to her husband's palace, but she was permitted (for innocence will find protection) to visit at Windsor; the countenance of the Royal Family was shewn to her—but her husband, unconscious of the blush of shame, revelled in all the luxuries of modern dissipation—the concern of the virtuous—the derision of the wicked!

In this state of things, uninterruptedly enjoying the society of his friends, male and *female*, the Prince of Wales for years exercised the hospitalities of a private station, until that important "*era*" arrived, which was to give the astonished and expectant p[illegible] of England the Rising Sun to warm their chilled [illegible] almost expiring lamp of life—but astonishment a[illegible]tation fled [illegible] his approach—like their fond [illegible]

dashed by the feeble glimmer of its satellites—the cheering prospect was obscured by clouds of darkness, and the Rising Sun gloomed on the day which it should have brightened!

The Princess of Wales pined in retirement, but even from that retirement she sometimes emerged, to enjoy the society of her daughter, whose opening mind, cultivated by the hand of education, gave future promise of matured excellence. In the society of the Princess Charlotte the sorrows of the parent were forgotten—she listened to the prattle of the young heiress—she felt happy that to the maternal care of the parent of her husband the superintendance of her education had been committed—she found that it was necessary to fit her mind to that state to which on some future occasion she might be called—she recollected that to the politics of St. James's was the present happy state of this country to be ascribed. She felt all this, but she did not imagine that the governess of her daughter would have received instructions to deny to the mother the pleasure she had been accustomed to receive.

The attempt was made, and for a while succeeded, for on the 27th of September the Lady de Clifford, governess to the young princess, refused admittance to the Princess of Wales, who requested an audience of the queen, and the conference terminated in the return of the royal sufferer to town, *without seeing her daughter!*

Some time elapsed, after this announcement in the Morning Chronicle; when (the affair having become the subject of much conversation, aye! and the subject of much animadversion throughout the country,) one of the treasury journals, (the Courier) remarkable for the subserviency of its columns to the will of the government, chose to insert a contradiction to the statement of the Morning Chronicle, by charging the whole as "*a misrepresentation*;" for, says the sagacious editor, "it cannot be true, we know, from undoubted authority, that on the day *after* the visit of the Princess of Wales to Windsor, the Princess Charlotte dined with her royal mother."

Here then by this weak and foolish attempt of ministers, to impose on the common understanding of the public, do they exhibit themselves in their true colours. The Princess of Wales is refused access to her daughter on the Sunday—she sees her daughter's grandmother, and from her cannot obtain the accomplishment of her wishes—she returns to town sorrowful and dejected; but previous to quitting the presence, she informs her majesty that she will state her case in that quarter where redress may be obtained. Alarm succeeds to the over exercise of power, and a council is held immediately after the departure of the Princess—the matter is canvassed over—the determination of the Princess is taken into consideration; and upon mature deliberation, it is deemed necessary to permit, aye to permit the Princess Charlotte to visit her mother—the visit accordingly takes place at Blackheath on the *following day.* This too, let it be remembered, happens during the administration of the Right Honourable Robert Banks Jenkinson, earl of Liverpool, son of the celebrated (and for this country unhappily, the never-to-be-forgotten) Charles Jenkinson, who at the commencement of the present reign, was secretary to the Earl of Bute—and was also patronised by his majesty, to whom he was endeared for his *faithful* services; and who to the last moment of his life, was greeted by his royal master with the familiar appellation of "*Jenky.*"—*Purus putus hic Lycophania est!*

The mysterious conduct of the parties, implicated in the Windsor visitation, is still the subject of much speculation; why the Prince Regent should deny to his wife the gratification of a sight of her daughter remains unaccounted for—the eyes of the country, however, are upon his actions. As Prince of Wales, he indulged in all the gaieties of the day, with little public observation; but called forth to fill a high and dignified station, at a moment too, when the utmost energy was necessary to preserve the vessel from sinking; he stands upon a footing so totally different, that if he stirs a step, and that step

should be a false one, he then is liable to animadversion.—There is something wrong in the state—some noxious weed has grown up, which requires to be plucked from the soil. How long the voluptuaries of fashion will administer to the passions of a * * * * * nursed in the laps of debauchery, is yet to be seen. But the order of things must be changed—the imbecility of the government will not be tolerated much longer. To apathy in the people, will succeed energy. Their eyes, when the measure of their woes is full, will be opened—the mist of darkness will vanish from their eye-lids, and they will awake from their stupor to all the horrors of reflection. Then, and not till then, unless timely counsel should rouse the * * * * * from its stupor, will the real danger of the country be manifest.

May that "*era*," whenever it arrives, be hailed with rejoicing by the people! May the ruler of the state be reconciled, where reconciliation be most wanting! May he take a lesson from that quarter where connubial happiness has been most apparent; but above all, may he discard pimps and parasites, and take to his councils, men who despising all interested and selfish considerations, view their country as their first best object, and who in the salvation of that country, will find their only recompence!

*Civis boni publici studiosus.*

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## CENSOR'S VIEW OF LONDON IN 1812.

Mr. Editor,

At a period like the present, when the most industrious inclination on the part of the unhappy poor is of no avail to the end of their obtaining employment, and mitigating the horrors of want which they and their families endure. At

a period when the unparalleled measures of an infatuated ministry have put an end to the commercial interests of the country, and stopped the loom of the manufacturer; it is a melancholy spectacle to see whole families thus ruined—starving for want, or enduring, for a miserable pittance, the official brutality of parish officers.

On this subject I could expatiate at considerable length, could fill volumes, if my heart could write; for my head is overpowered with the feelings which the melancholy subject excites; and my fingers refuse their office of narrating. Let me imagine, Sir, for a moment, that I am seated beside you, on the lofty dome of St. Paul, and that with the view of the vast metropolis beneath us, we could equally see and know the feelings, miseries, or happiness of its inhabitants—how little matter should we find for congratulation—how much to deplore! Yes, Sir, in this once vast and opulent city, enived by the world for its greatness, its laws, and its wealth; let us but enter the private dwellings of its citizens, we shall find a skeleton in each man's closet, scaring him with no common terrors, haunting him with no heedless vision—But who has done this?—who hath thrown this ebon veil of darkness over the fairest city in the world? who is it hath planted the sullen gloomy brow of despair by an Englishman's fire-side?—Is he not a monster—a traitor to his king and country? Does he not deserve the execrations of the multitude, whom he hath gathered together in sadness and sorrow? Alas, is there no pen less feeble than mine to decry him? is the genius of literature sickly in these times of dismay? doth it droop in the hazy atmosphere of poverty and despair? and will it not live through the storm to flourish in happier times? Behold yon passenger, pressing up Ludgate-hill with eager haste; see the concern that's seated on his brow; he drives through the multitude, unconscious that he's pressed on either side, he sees no one—his mind is enveloped by misery—he is going to Lloyd's—a report has reached him that several American houses have stopped payment, with whom he

had large dealings as a merchant, and that a vessel, in which he had embarked property to a considerable amount, has been taken by an American privateer—see—the report is true—he hears it at Lloyd's Coffee-house; he hears the doom of his wife and children pronounced as the natural effect of the American war; he finds himself and family consigned as a sacrifice to the ambitious projects of an *efficient* ministry.

How shall this melancholy man return to his home of despair!—how shall he answer to the frantic enquiries of a distracted wife!—how witness the heart-alluring smiles of his happy, but miserable children—smiling in the midst of ruin!—how shall he pass through that long file of clamorous creditors waiting his approach, and impatient at his delay! Can he do this—and will the heart hold out through such a complicated struggle, as that which he must endure—a struggle of parental solicitude and affection—the transports of love mingled with all the horrors of apprehended want. See—he reaches his door, the trembling knocker falls beneath his hand—it opens. He's surrounded by importunate creditors,—importunate, for they themselves have such another house of misery—promises are vain—apologies pay no debts—their upbraidings sink to his heart—he rushes from them wilder in his despair, and less equal to the task of meeting his unhappy wife—she hears the dread narration of her doom in broken sentences from his lips—she clasps the youngest of her offspring to her breast—she sinks—she falls—her heart is almost broke—and thou—thou poor forlorn one—thou—" bankrupt stag"—thou hast no consolation left—thou stand'st amidst the wreck with unsheltered head, on which the keen arrows of adversity have fallen—hopeless, bereft of all, but that little reason left by despair. View here, ye makers and proclaimers of war—what it is ye do?—view here, ye senators, who represent the people—what it is the people suffer?

Observe that little fat man, walking so fast with one at his heels—note his countenance; it contains many hard lines

of an unfeeling nature; and if you look attentively, you will perceive a purse-proud smile upon his cheek—purse proud? you will enquire—why yes! the flinty heart that wrings its gold from the pocket of misfortune and distress—wears its livery in a smile, speaking as volubly as a gloomy brow—that man is a sheriff's officer; it was but the other day he was porter to a waggon office, but discharged for want of rectitude in his conduct, he became a bailiff's follower, where thriving in the bent of his inclination, and the eagerness of his rapacity, he soon realized sufficient to become the officer, and *not* the man. A blood-hunter of no ordinary class, he executes a writ with a savage exultation and exactness, which has gained for him 20,000l. and the reputation of a *good* officer, he's going to perform part of his duty, and expecting the success of gaining his victim without trouble; you may see that the harsh hard lines of his countenance are relaxed into expressions of good humour—he stops—see him walking into that shop, the miserable debtor surrenders himself to the strong gripe of the law, he leaves his family for a prison. What is the amount of the debt? Why, Sir, ten pounds upon a promisory note—ten pounds! and shall a miserable being be dragged from his family, by such a brute, for ten pounds! If he has the inclination to pay, but not the ability, is it not hard that his liberty should be forfeited to so small a demand? But this is English law—English liberty! There is no nation in the world boasts so much of liberty as England; it plumes itself on the most wholesome salutary laws; yet it is a country where the unhappy debtor may lose this invaluable blessing, at the mercy of an obdurate creditor, who claims ten pounds. But, Sir, the luckless being whom you now see torn from his family, to say something of him—he was a very respectable ivory turner, and at one time carried on a very considerable business. His health was good, his trade thriving, his family small, and by the industrious exercise of his time, he cheerfully paid the exactions of the state: but time has reversed

this state of things—unfortunately by unwearied exertion and solicitude, his health is bad—his trade fallen off—his family large, and his portion of taxes doubly encreased; thus then his resources diminishing, and the calls upon his labor increasing, he could not stem the torrent of adversity, which was fast approaching—he could not pay the king's taxes—they have seized upon his goods; he cannot pay the clamorous demands of his creditors—they have seized upon his person. Oh, thou heavenly attribute, Mercy, shew thyself in this miserable case,—speak comfort to his old heart—let him not fall—seven infantine mouths look to him for bread—shall they look in vain?—peace, flint-hearted, the afflicted shall find comfort—if no where else—in the *unfortunate*.

But turn your eyes to gayer scenes; behold yon rank of civic carriages on the way to the Mansion-house; ah! there reigns mirth and festivity, there beckoning pleasure dwells, threading the mazes of the polite dance, revelling in the cup of wine, or socially smiling in dainty viands. Behold the Lord Mayor's welcome to his guests, see the gracious smile of the Lady Mayoress, and if you take a survey of the countenances in the hall, you will observe that each is enlivened with a joyful smile—*joyful* but not *cheerful!*—look closer, Sir,—the steam of luxury, the painted hall enlivening and gay, the flippant joke, the cordial laugh and smiling welcome, may throw a veil of pleasure over the wrinkled brow of care; but look closer, Sir, and the true workings of the mind are visible: though thus enveloped: all is not joy within!!! On the success of the Russian war hangs the fate of many! On the war with America, many! Alas—each man has his skeleton in his closet.—The failure of a house in Liverpool has shook the stability of Alderman ———; the depression of the funds has given the heart-ache to ———; the warehouses of ——— are glutted with goods, and his counting-house by clamorous creditors; ——— trembles at the next Gazette, and ———, fears an extent from the crown: thus is it in London. The

dazzling equipage, the admiration of the multitude encompasses a human being more deserving their pity and concern, and the Mansion House goblet is quaffed to drown the stings and arrows of internal suffering: but, Sir, let us dismiss the scene, and turn to yon poor object there. Behold her tears, and with what a humbled voice she replies to the stern being who stands beside her; if you can read the legible lines of suffering, you will immediately perceive what have been this poor woman's— the man she speaks to is —— ——, a tallow chandler, and church-warden of the parish of ——: his trade is no disparagement, for why should not tallow chandlers have hearts? but he has none; excepting indeed that can be so denominated which never felt for human misfortune, which never prompted the hand to relieve human misery. I will sketch you a history of this poor destitute female, for it is well known to me; I have long commiserated her sorrows, and have endeavoured to relieve them. She is the daughter of very respectable tradespeople, who in happier days, when the industrious economy of time afforded a reasonable hope of their being able to lay something by for to-morrow—saved from their daily avocations a sum sufficient to place themselves independent, and to portion out eight children in a manner affording the brightest prospect of future ease. Mary, the subject of my narration, is the eldest of the family, and at the age of nineteen, having received an education suitable to the rank of life in which she was about to move, was married to an honest and industrious tradesman, bringing with her her little dowry, which advanced his views in business, and enabled him to open a wider field for exertion than he had hitherto meditated.

For several years they prosecuted their business with varied success, but always with hopes that were never damped by sudden or great crosses; their family increased; of course their expenditure became larger, but still the returns of trade were by no means discouraging, for at the time I am speaking of, the present disastrous war had

not arrived at that period when it promised to be interminable, and the heavy taxes which the people labored under, only robbed the subject of his luxury, and struck at one or two of his comforts, nor threatened to go further; for the minister of the day was arrested in his career by public murmurs; but when it was announced in the boldest terms that this was a war of extermination, a war in which the property and liberty of the people was involved, and that *great* sacrifices must be made to prevent the loss of *all*, then it was that taxation first stinted the meal of this increasing family, it was then the varying business which they pursued began seriously to depress, and they could not by privation, keep pace with its failure, and the increasing exactions of the state—at the end of the second year their capital was seriously dipped into—the third it was all swept away—they began the fourth with aching hearts, still with some hopes, for their friends, with the laudable wish of making them less miserable, buoyed them with "things will take a turn for the better—be industrious—be frugal—you will succeed." Alas, if the humble crust, watered by their tears, was an emblem of frugality, it was the emblem they worshipped—if activity from the earliest dawn to the latest hour of night, when business could be pursued, denoted industry, they were industrious—but what availed it? the rich man felt the pressure of the times, and abandoned many of his luxuries—he could no longer afford to be profuse. Thus domestic, as well as foreign trade, decayed at its source—but the onus fell on the shoulders of the humble shopkeeper; for in addition to his debts to the state he had to sustain the heavy and severe reductions of his trade, from which his only means flowed;—but to proceed with my narration, all the usual expences of their shop continued, while the business still slackened. At the end of the fourth year they were several hundreds minus, it was a fearful reckoning that told them the state of their affairs. Mary fainted at the news, and her poor inanimate chil-

dren, whom she had brought into the world, and whom she was to see beggars and in want! Ye cold-hearted counsellors of war—hear this! Ye, who blood-stain the field of battle with human gore, hear this!—ye who send up to heaven the afflicted shrieks and groans of women whom you have widowed—of mothers whom you have rendered childless, of children whom you have orphaned—hear this and tremble!!! These are thy works, these are the horrors with which thou visitest thy fellow man! these are the ravages thou makest upon the human heart, and earthly suffering seems all to flow from thee!!! Poor Mary recovered to an agony almost indescribable, her husband's health had long been declining, harrassment and secret grief had long been undermining his constitution, and this last shock, together with heart-breaking anxieties for the future, was more than he could bear up against—the stately tree which had so long weathered the fearful storm was at length struck—rived to the heart, and all the vigorous shoots of energy withered in the bud —a sick bed was his portion, and long did Mary watch over him, comforting him, while hopeless herself—her own heart was breaking. Dreadful and heart-rending was the task she had to perform—now to soothe the troubled pillow of her husband—now to satisfy the craving wants of her children—and now to pacify the rigorous threatening creditor, who, armed with power, struck at the heart of his victim with coarse and cutting rebukes; nay, those very friends who formerly had recommended perseverance, and who promised that " times would mend," were now equally clamorous and more reproving; and " little better than a swindler,"—" dishonest man," —" scoundrel! worse than a highwayman!" &c. &c. were indistinctly and cruelly muttered to this poor bleeding heart. Her husband at length recovered—recovered to see the final ruin of his affairs—they had gone dreadfully back during his illness, indeed, servants were suspected! for no account could be given of quantities of goods, and his debts had accumulated to a considerable

amount. The strict coercion of the law was resorted to, to recover debts which could not be paid; at length the Gazette announced the final dissolution of this unhappy man's affairs, the final overthrow of all his hopes—a few weeks saw him with his helpless family, destitute of a home, of a friend, nay his children of bread—"but God tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," says Sterne; and these beings, who had shrunk appalled from terrors half as great, now braved with heroic fortitude the very climax of misfortune. At length, in the desart, though surrounded by reproach, they met with *one* friend—one—a man little able, but greatly willing—one whose heart bled for their sufferings, and who could not but struggle to mitigate them—he placed them in a low and populous neighbourhood in a cook-shop—well, Sir, they had scarcely opened this new abode of misery when the husband sickened again. It was in vain to contend against fate. Medicines could not be procured without money nor comfortable food—doubt it not, Sir, although it may appear improbable, but such is the fact, that in the city of London, in the neighbourhood of Thames-street, died a once respectable human being, starved, for the want of common aliment, whose lips, for four weeks, had not been crossed but by the most scanty supplies of *bread, onions, and water!!!*—the wretched widow had borne too much to feel keenly for his loss—even his death to her was too much to be envied to excite the shock of separation, and the continued wants of her children made calls upon her heart that agonized more for the living than the dead. In three dreadful weeks more, one of her children followed the wretched destiny of the father. Think, Sir, oh! think what it must be for a mother to see her children perish—Break heart—break at once—can it be possible.—Alas! IT IS TRUE!!! This was the ultimatum of misery—the heart and soul could know no greater—she sold her bed to pay her husband's funeral—the parish paid that of her child; and that stern churchwarden, whom you see with

knitted brow reproving, pays her out of the parish funds TEN SHILLINGS a week for herself and five children!!! one out of the eight having died, and two removed from her. She is now learning to sew and fold sheets for bookbinders, and hopes in time, by this means, to soften the rigor of her misery. I see, by your pointed look, you mean to enquire, is her father living, has she no sisters, brothers?—she has, and they are capable of relieving her wants—the father is reputed rich, but he's sordid to the last stage of avarice, and now at this moment, bending with years and sickness to the tomb, he's far more anxious in the midst of plenty, than I can find language to describe—the brothers and sisters of this unfortunate, with only two exceptions, are cold and unnatural as the flinty beings from whom they have sprung—the two have little more than wishes to contribute. This, Sir, is London in 1812—Take it as a general picture, these are the scenes of wretchedness and distress, the results of the present cruel and devastating war, and which are daily passing with little of our knowledge; for it is difficult to look into the poor man's cabin who has seen better days, and read there the horrors to which he is subject.

Yours, &c.

CENSOR.

## THE BATTLE OF THE WHIPS.

*Rem ad arma de duci studebat.*

THE modern man of fashion runs his round careless of the censure or praise of mankind. A good or bad name to him is equally grateful. His delight consisting solely in notoriety. Notoriety, therefore, is his ruling passion.

Is he a black-leg—he is notorious;—a pimp—he is notorious;—the pander of a * * * * * * he is notorious;—the guardian of Harry Lee's son, he is notorious—the roads to notoriety are open to him, he dashes through them in his curricle with careless ease and indifference, pleased with the gaze of the town, and smiling contemptuously at their taunts! His agents in the cogging line, after being initiated by his lordship in the art and mysteries of their master's trade, receive their weekly stipend, take their daily orders for attendance at night at the nightly hells, and are sworn to render a just account of their gains in the morning: such is the mode of life of an earl of the present day —the companion of p——s and of peers. The evening assemblies of the more respectable part of the *haut ton* are sometimes *graced* with his presence. His rank the owners of the mansions do not chuse to quarrel with, and they are aware that sometimes vice lurks under a mask into the inmost—the sacred recesses of their dormitories: To hold the finger up against such a man would betray but little of the polish of the courtier, and politeness is too essential an ingredient in the composition of the fashionable world to be disregarded or contemned.

This *noble* Earl one evening in the course of the last month was sporting his curricle up St. James's-street, and turning his horses to the left he espied the mansion of the Countess of —— in a blaze of light. Struck with a sudden thought, he brandished his whip and was driving furiously up to the door when he found the impetuosity of his career obstructed by the intervention of a chain of carriages which had set down some more of the fraternity of *right honourables* at the door of the Countess. Finding he could not alight he called out in a peremptory tone to his brother whips—alias coachmen, to "*mizzle:*" one of the party-coloured fraternity, however, refused to obey the command, when his lordship exclaimed, "G—d d——n you! Don't you know me! I am the Earl of ——." The answer of his brother whip was, "you may be the *devil* for what I care, I shall not stir." Some further abuse

passed on each side—my lord and the knight of the whip exchanging some mutual complimentary strains—their brother whips ironically exclaiming "Let my lord draw up—the Earl of ——'s carriage is stopped in its way! &c. &c." Infuriated by the obstinacy of the offending whip, and goaded by the jeers of the group of whips, who collected to witness this uncourtly rencontre, he in a fatal moment *hopped* from his curricle, and began to lash Jarvis with might and main.—Jarvis was not backward in returning the loan, which he repaid with interest. His brother whips encouraged the repayment by offering assistance in the hour of necessity—"Lay it on! Lay it on!" was re-echoed from one end of the crowd to the other —"D—me, my lad, if you break your whip, here's *half a dozen for you.*" The *noble* Earl, not liking the appearance of this new whip *club*, retreated into the house, whither he was followed by the shouts of the mob.

This anecdote is one of the many with which the life of this gallant sprig of nobility abounds. Would to God that all his exploits ended as harmlessly to society! Here no one suffered but himself—if disgrace be to him a mark of suffering! correction when well applied to the back of a —— may have some beneficial effects. The errors of mankind spring from the imperfections of their nature; but even these errors may be amended by frequent lashes: for the back, when properly scored, will in time endure no more; and oftentimes the lash judiciously enforced, works reformation. We shall wield the rod, we trust, beneficially, not only over our noble hero, but his noble compeers—Nay, we shall return to the neighbourhood of Pall-mall again and again, until we have cleansed the *pillory* of its impurities. From the —— down to the hopeful son of Harry Lee, all shall equally enjoy as they well merit our notice.

*Raro antecedentem soclarum deseruit pede pæna claudo.*

# GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC PORTRAITS.—No. I.

*"Come like shadows, so depart!"*

SIR,

FEW societies of any note have existed in this country, of which histories have not been given by men acquainted with their origin and progress. The neglect, however, with which the celebrated society I am now going to address you upon, has been treated, reflects a sort of national disgrace upon our character; for, whether we consider the number of its members, their talents, their eminence in public life, or their virtues in private; whether we consider that some from among them, have risen to high dignities in the state, and that others have been exalted to the gallows; or whether we remember that many of the most brilliant names that adorn its records are still living, it is equally a matter of astonishment and regret, that there should yet be no public declaration of its existence or lustre. Unavailing regret, however, is the mark of an irresolute mind which sees and feels the evil it wants energy to attempt the redress of. I would escape that reproach, and shall therefore endeavour to supply the chasm in the history of the societies that adorn this country, of which I complain.

After this exordium I need hardly add the name of the society to which I allude; and yet, when I remember how ingloriously it has languished for want of an historian, I cannot but suspect that many of our eminent living writers are unacquainted with its existence. Sir, I mean THE ECCENTRIC SOCIETY: and knowing as I do, that its members consist of nearly four thousand in number, I am justified in supposing that two thirds of your readers are *Eccentrics.* How will their bosoms beat then with filial joy when they see this attempt, feeble as it is, to record their incorporate glory

and dignity! How will they rejoice to think that at last, their greatness will be known to all England; nay, I may say to all Europe, for in what part of the globe may not a *Scourge* be found?

It is indeed a little curious that a society so numerous, and containing so many splendid names, should have existed in the very heart of this metropolis, and yet, that its fame should be, comparatively speaking, confined to its own members. The modesty indeed, with which we have hidden our candle under a bushel deserves admiration rather than praise. You will be the more willing to admit this, Sir, when I tell you* that we reckon among our members the names of Sheridan, Nelson, Cochrane, Curran, Garrow, Mellish, the M. P. Theodore Hook, &c. &c. (I really have not time to number any more of the illustrious circle.) You will naturally suppose that where such men meet, there must be the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," rather than the feast of belly and the flow of ale; nor would you be wholly wrong in such a supposition: and yet we are peculiarly happy in the manner in which we contrive to unite sensual with intellectual pleasures. In the Eccentrics, a man may be listening to the finest periods of eloquence, while he is eating a kidney or a sheep's rump; he may treasure up the maxims of wisdom as he sips his ale or his gin; and he may luxuriate in all the blandishments of wit, while he is suffocating his neighbour with the fragant fumes of his pipe. We do not make the delights of mind and body succeed each other; we have discovered the happy facility of so blending and mingling them, that we reap from their union the highest delight of which our twofold nature is capable. It would gratify you beyond measure, to witness their conjunct operation; to see a member, listening in a state of extacy, (with a piece of welch-rabbit, perhaps, held in equilibrium between

* Perhaps *you are* an Eccentric, and then my information is needless. But the public require it.

his teeth, finely expressive of astonishment,) to the animated eloquence of a W——, a B—— a G——, an H——, or an M.; or another, tickled by the wit of either of the above gentlemen, while he is swallowing the refreshing streams of gin or porter, straining in a convulsive laugh caused by the interruption which the liquid met in its passage down his throat.

It would be a tedious business to tell you all our forms and regulations; to detail to you the mode of admission which is practised, the laws by which we are governed, or the heavy fines by which any infraction of those laws, as well as any breach of decorum, are punished. Neither, Sir, shall I weary your readers (those I mean who are not Eccentrics—for it is impossible to weary one who is an Eccentric, with his own praises, as you could confess, were you to listen to our proceedings for one night only) with a detail of all the splendid things which have been done and said by our most splendid members. As, however, I could wish that some record less perishable than individual memory should exist concerning us, I will just venture to mention a few of our most popular and eminent members, as well as attempt to convey some idea of the qualities that distinguish them. I shall not touch upon those whose names I have already enumerated, for they are known well enough; but shall confine myself to those who, but for this memorial of them, might be destined to move along their course like a meteor in the heavens, gazed at and admired, for a moment, but shortly unseen and unremembered.

The first whom I shall mention is, one no less remarkable for capital jokes than for *capital* attacks. Every body admires the fine-spun raillery with which he assaults his antagonist, attenuated as a cob-web, and as curiously wrought; sometimes catching our understandings but not holding them; playing about our fancies, but without the power of carrying conviction to our reason. He looks at a question, to use a senatorial phrase, without venturing to take hold of it, as a dog barks round

a pig, but never bites at him unless he runs away. His wit is like the corruscations of a mirror agitated in the rays of the sun, which give a brighter light for the moment only to leave us in more profound darkness. Yet, he is always heard with pleasure, because he never tires his hearer's minds by demanding any exertion of their faculties. In listening to him they are purely passive.

The next great man among us is one who would be great any where as long as all the rest were little. But this is a qualification he is himself by no means disposed to admit. He has an abundant confidence in his powers, and believes no subject unequal to the display of them. He has only one defect in his oratory, and that is that he never utters two words without a distinct pause between each; thus: "Mr.—Chairman—I—rise—to—offer—a—few—remarks—on—this—very—important—question—." If you read this with a pause of twenty seconds after each word, you will have a very faithful conception of this popular orator as to his manner. Of his matter I shall say nothing; because though very excellent, no doubt, I have never been able to understand it, and it would therefore be presumption in me to criticise it.

I pass over a crowd of one-minute and two-minute speakers, who always rise just to say a few words, and always sit down without saying any thing but words, and shall proceed to mention a very distinguished *Eccentric*, whether we consider the delicacy of his taste, the variety of his acquirements, or the profundity of his wisdom. I regret that I may not mention his name, but his modesty being equal to his genius, he would take it for *Grant*-ed that I meant to wound him in the most susceptible part of his character, if I ventured to "give him a name" as well as "a local habitation." I am aware that by ascribing such exalted qualities so obscurely, I shall excite a number of competitors who will all be ready to exclaim, "that's myself;" but in order to avoid any confusion of that kind which might be productive of

the most fatal consequences, I beg leave to mention that I am speaking of "myself." If I knew any terms that could better depict my real character than those I have chosen, I would adopt them; but if the reader does not immediately find out that I am a vain, frivolous, and empty coxcomb, it will not be for want of a test by which to try me.

We have one among us, Sir, whom I cannot recal to my memory without sorrow; for when I think of him, I mourn over the wreck of superior talents; talents which had they been duly applied might have raised their possessor to an eminent station in society, and made him the ornament of his age. But how have they been suffered to lie waste! How have they been prostituted to fill the ears of drinkers of ale and eaters of kidnies! How have they been displayed before men whose eyes were twinkling with drowsiness from the combined influence of sleep and gin! Such have been too often his auditory, and such, I am afraid, it will continue to be. He has Cæsar's ambition, without the greatness of his alternative. He is contented to be the first man in a village, when he might be the first in Rome.

"*Brutus thou sleepest, awake and know thyself.*"

I must not omit, in this Gallery of Eccentric Portraits, two worthy friends of mine, one of whom always "*disgusts*" a question when he enters upon it; and the other, whose tender elegance of nature sees, in every subject, something too "*Herculanean*" to be attempted. These two form a family piece, and with these two I shall conclude for the present, promising you a continuation of my graphic labours in your ensuing number.

I remain, Sir,

OBSERVATOR.

*May's Buildings,*
*Oct.* 10, 1812.

## A CHESTER ATTORNEY, A NORTH COUNTRY LASS, AND A DEVONSHIRE GENTLEMAN!!!

*Dieu defend le Droit!*

Perhaps a more flagrant case of injustice than the one which we are about to record seldom occurs, whether viewed in the person of the Devonshire gentleman, or the Chester attorney—The former, it will be found, broke down the barriers of virtue—the latter promised that he should be made to smart under the correction of law, for his infamous conduct in respect to the *infant* sister of the North Country Lass—The North Country Lass now regrets her folly in travelling to Chester, and the attorney having gleaned from the meritorious earnings of the poor fallen girl all she could spare, leaves her (unless she can bring more grist to his mill) to bewail her hard fate!

The North Country Lass, beautiful in person, of engaging and affable manners, was left early in life to the care of an affectionate mother; her father having been snatched away from this transitory life, " to another and a better world," before she had attained her sixth year. All that he had to leave for their support was comprised in a trifling pittance. But his last sigh wafted out prayers for the happiness and future comfort of his amiable partner and his two dear girls. Struggling with adversity, her mother contrived to bring them both up decently, until the North Country Lass had attained to years of puberty. About this period a West Indian gentleman of small fortune, being on a tour through Scotland saw the fair Jane ———, and became enamoured with her person: the opening roses on her cheeks—the bewitching smiles which played around her lips, and the graceful carriage of her person all conspired to rivet him to her charms—But—he too, was by nature formed to captivate—the manly form—the soft and insinuating ad-

dress, and the tender anxiety which he constantly displayed for her happiness, raised in the gentle breast of Jane —— the passion of love—Basely taking advantage of her unsuspecting innocence in an unlucky hour, he deprived her of that inestimable treasure which is the brightest jewel in the possession of woman. He did more—he persuaded her to elope from her parent's house, and they arrived in London, where they resided for some time as man and wife. The narrow circumstances in which her unfortunate parent was placed, and the hopes of providing for the younger daughter, induced the mother to accede to the wish of the North Country Lass, and her sister was entrusted to her care for the purpose of being sent to boarding-school. To Clapham, accordingly, she was sent to complete her education, and she proceeded in her studies with all the appearance of becoming in time an ornament in society. Her sister saw with pleasure the promise which she gave, and though she sighed in secret at her own unhappy fate—that fate embittered as it was by the recollection of her fall, was in some measure rendered less severe from the fond hope which clung round her heart that *her* lesson would operate as a bar to her sister's dishonour. Alas! alas! how vain her expectation! in an evil hour a villain from Devonshire, a gentleman! a married man! the father of a numerous and interesting family! blighted the lovely prospects which danced before her eyes, and by the pestiferous breath of insidious persuasion succeeded in the ruin of the younger sister! But how did he effect this *virtuous* object. Admitted to the company of Mr. —— and the North Country Lass—considered in the light of a *friend*—respectable from rank—above suspicion of the inclination to commit so foul a crime from his advanced age—a married man and a parent! he was permitted to call at the boarding-school. From thence, under pretence of taking this *little innocent*—this child of *fourteen years old!* a ride, he basely hurried her to a brothel, and completed her ruin. At this period, Mr. ——, the protector of the North

Country Lass, was compelled to quit England, his affairs in the West Indies requiring his immediate presence. The sad tale was imparted to him.—Mr. ——, stung with compunction for the part which he had acted to the one branch of the family, and conscious that to him might be imputed the downfal of the other sister, directed the North Country Lass to advise with an attorney upon the subject. With hasty steps she traced her route to CHESTER, where being admitted to the presence of the attorney, she imparted the dreadful tale.—"Oh," said this honest disciple of Moses, "we will *trounce* him; but I must have ten pounds to begin with."

The ten pounds were accordingly paid over to the attorney, and the unfortunate sister reposed in security, satisfied that though she could not restore the honour of her relation, yet she saw before her the prospect of reparation for the injury by the infliction of punishment on the head of the seducer: months and months rolled along in the current of time; but delay in the legal proceedings was apparent—more money was demanded, and furnished to the amount of *eighteen pounds*—still there was delay. Remonstrance was made to the attorney that so many months should have elapsed, and the matter not be in court. The attorney alledged that he had not money enough—that he must have TWENTY POUNDS MORE—and *then* the case should be brought into court this term, which commences the sixth instant. It was in vain the Northern Country Lass pleaded her inability, to furnish more, and the absence of Mr. ——— in the West Indies: the attorney was inexorable. Mr. M——, the seducer, was at his ease at Nawney near Exeter, and she—*had lost her money!*

In this state matters remain:—the seducer triumphs in the spoliation which his lust has created: nay more, he has had the daring effrontery to attempt to carry off this *child* for the *second time*: the attempt did not succeed: He is now basking in the sunshine of this domestic circle, seemingly content! The incapacity, the

pecuniary incapacity of the injured party to comply with the rapacious demands of this legal shark has lulled Mr. M———r's fears to rest. But though for a while the arm of justice may be withheld, it will eventually fall upon the head of this abominable man with renovated strength. Means are now taking to set the machine into motion. For the present, therefore, we shall abstain from entering into minuter particulars in respect to the conduct of the attorney. This notice, we trust, will make him tremble in his skin, and the Devonshire seducer, when he reads these pages may, if the blush of shame be not entirely removed from his countenance, elicit an additional glow to its colour, and in the shades of repentance ruminate upon the mode of atoning for that crime which, as a married man, the guardian of *infant* innocence, he should have avoided. We hope the recollection of it stings him severely!

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## DIARY OF A BOOKSELLER AND AN AUTHOR.

Sir,

I was particularly pleased with the Diary of a Man of Fashion and a Nottingham Manufacturer in your number for July last, p. 123; and though I liked that much less in your number for August, yet the two together have impregnated my imagination, and caused me to be delivered of the following. A complete delivery, indeed, cannot be effected without your obstetric aid; and I hope, therefore, you will lend your assistance.

I do not know two classes of men more contrasted in their fortunes, feelings, and characters than authors and booksellers; nor do I know two classes of men who exhibit more forcibly the unequal distribution of the good things of fortune in this life: for while the bibliopolist is basking in affluence and accumulating wealth by the produc-

tive talents and labours of the man of genius, the latter is often (too often, alas!) left to pine in hopeless misery and anguish, with nothing to console his cold and comfortless existence, but the airy and fantastic visions of fame and future glory. The melancholy vicissitudes of his life are diversified only by varieties of wretchedness.

The diary for one week of these two men would surely furnish a curious contrast; not always a pleasing, though perhaps an instructive one. There can be little difficulty in selecting the topics, nor need the imagination encroach much upon the confines of truth and probability. Without any great stretch of credulity, I could suppose their respective diaries to run thus:

*Diary of a Bookseller.*

*Monday.* Rose at seven o'clock, and at eight rung for my chocolate. While at breakfast that teasing blockhead, Mr. Dactyl, sent up the servant to know if I could let him have 2l. upon his next epic, for his wife was ill, and the doctor had ordered her wine. Sent him down a 1l. note, with a message that he must not expect any more till the poem was published. Mem. Only two sheets printed; and five hundred copies subscribed for already.

Went down to the shop at eleven, and found that the seventh edition of the Travels in Spain was all sold. Gave orders for printing a new edition—made a good job of that work—paid 50l. for the copyright: cleared 600l. in three months.

*Diary of an Author.*

*Monday.* Rose at five, and translated a sheet of the Picture of Poland before breakfast. At eight I and Sarah, and my three little ones, sat down to a mess of pottage. I saw that it went sadly against the stomach of my Sarah, but she smiled, and declared it was excellent. Patient comforter! How she strives to hide her own pangs in the roses with which she would fain strew my forlorn path. After breakfast sat down to the translation again, and finished another sheet before four o'clock. Ran with the manuscript to the bookseller, who let me have ten shillings; seven of which I paid to the baker, and with the remainder Sarah provided dinner for us. Found myself feverish from over-exertion. Parched with thirst—nothing

*Diary of a Bookseller.*

At one o'clock, Mr. Foolscap called upon me, and tasted my claret. While we were drinking it, was told that Mr. Puff and Mr. Inkhorn were below. Sent for Mr. Puff up stairs, to taste the claret. Mem. He writes in the CRITICAL REVIEW, and has promised to praise Mr. Dactyl's new epic, when it comes out, and swear its equal to Homer's. Mr. Inkhorn waited—he came for money, and brought a proof of his novel to shew that he had earned it.

Dined with the Stationer's company: sat next Alderman Gobble, who helped himself three times to turtle. Mem. Ate too much—grew confounded sick—went home at eight, and ordered some grilled duck. This recovered the tone of my stomach: drank a pint of Burgundy, went to bed, and dreamt about the shrievalty.

*Tuesday.* Pestered again by that needy scoundrel Dactyl, for money. Made up a woeful tale about his wife and children, and said that it was impossible he could proceed with his poem while his mind was so distracted by their condition. That was a new cut upon me, so I gave him 2l. more, he promising to produce two sheets of copy for it.

Saw Mr. Harness the coach-

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to drink but acid small beer. Still contrived to translate till dusk, when I was forced to give over for want of money to purchase a candle. Went out and strolled along till I found myself opposite Newgate. Resolved to call upon my friend there, a thriftless labourer, like myself, in literature. Found him hard at work finishing a review of Scott's Lady of the Lake. Admires the Northern versifier. Had some dispute upon the subject, after which I supped with him off a red herring, and then returned home.

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*Tuesday.* A printer's devil at my door for copy by seven o'clock. Had none ready. At nine received a letter from my bookseller informing me that if I did not provide copy regularly, and not keep the printer waiting, he should give the work to some one else. Could hardly hold up my head for fever, yet contrived to translate half a sheet, and then forced to begin a history of

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maker about my new carriage. Agreed to give him three hundred guineas for it.

Miss Amelia Skeggs called to know what had been the success of her last novel which I published, and of which she was to share the eventual profits, if any. Told her I knew nothing about it, but believed it did not sell at all. Asked what I would give for her interest in it. Offered 5l. Tried hard for 10l. but took 7l. because she wanted to pay her milliner. When she was gone, inquired about my bargain, and found the whole impression was sold. Mem. Cleared 40l. by the job.

Spent rest of the day in looking over my books. Found I had lost 7s. 6d. by the d——d Scotchman's Essay on Bullion.

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Carlisle, and write a little of the novel which I had promised Mr. Parchment.

Received another letter from the attorney, informing me that if I did not pay the rent due for my last lodgings, he should issue a writ against me. Applied for money, but in vain. Sat down, and composed an ode to Patience. Dined with my wife and three children off a sheep's head and one pound of potatoes. In the evening calculated what I had earned, and found it amounted to five shillings beyond what I had drawn in advance.

*Diary of a Bookseller.*

*Wednesday.* Rose early and went as far as Newington-green to look at a snug little box, which I think of taking for *Betsy*. Rent 60l. per annum, Taxes, 15l. Mem. Private entrance up the lane.

When I returned home found the shop crowded with persons to buy the fourth edition of Scorpion's "Satirical Epistle to a great Minister." Poor fellow! he died in Newgate overwhelmed with debt. Sent his wife a dollar the day he was

*Diary of an Author.*

*Wednesday.* No money to get breakfast. Enough bread in the house for Sarah and her little ones. Went out, saying I would breakfast with my friend in Newgate. Called there; he asked me to lend him threepence to buy a loaf. Had not a farthing. Walked to my bookseller for the five shillings. Refused to give it me, till I produced more copy. Good God! the pale mechanic who wastes his life in penury and toil, yet gets the scanty

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buried; and promised to do something for his children in the way of getting them into the parish school. Could not do less, for I clear some hundreds by their father's writings.

Agreed with the tall Irishman for a volume of *Travels in Portugal*, to be manufactured from Bourgoyne, Townsend, Link, Murphy, &c. &c. To pay fifteen shillings a sheet, and supply him with paste and a pair of scissars. The work to be ready for publication in six weeks.

A lank clergyman called upon me, and offered a MS. work upon fornication and gluttony. To give him an answer to morrow. Put it in my pocket and took it with me to *Betsy's*, where I read a few pages, but did not think he understood the subject.

*Thursday.* The lank clergyman called upon me again. Told him I did not think his work would do. Not a saleable commodity. The world knew enough about fornication. Offered it to me for 2l. gave him thirty shillings, and took the MS. to my friend *Drawl*, who publishes those things. Told him it was written, by a very deserving member of the church, whose poverty made him willing to dispose of it cheaply. Got 20l. for it from

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earnings of that toil, is happier than he who lives upon his mind, who must think even to madness, till the o'erstretched faculties of thought crack from intensity of meditation, before he can spread the frugal meal upon his board. Returned home disconsolate. Found my Sarah in tears. The attorney had been there, and threatened summary proceedings. Sat down with a heavy heart to my labour. Wrote till exhausted nature denied her strength; and then hastened to my "patron" with the MS. who gave me the five shillings with coarse abuse, for delay. Took home some food, and we dined.

*Thursday.* Finished the "Dissertation upon the Goths," and took it to the Vandal, who had employed me. Had 1l. to receive. Gave me only six and promised me the rest in a week. Went to the attorney with five of the six, to offer it in part of payment of the seventeen I owed. Did not find him at home. Returned to my lodgings, and wrote some of the history of Carlisle, and afterwards wrote an act of the comedy, which I mean to offer

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*Drawl*, who said he knew a certain sale of two thousand copies among his customers, who delighted in those subjects.

Called in at Peele's, where I met a country bookseller. Persuaded him to take the remaining stock of the Scotchman's *Essay on Bullion;* by which, instead of losing 7s. 6d. I gained 11l. 5s. Well pleased with my day's work. *Mem.* Johnson says, that booksellers are the real patrons of literature. Who doubt it?

*Friday.* Received a letter from one of my authors in the Bench, asking me for 5l. Refused him, because he wrote as if he had a right to it. The fellow upbraided me, with having made above 50l. by his "anecdotes of Newgate," for which I gave him 10l. and paid his tailor's bill, of 2l. 6s. 4½d. *Mem.* He's wrong. I made above a hundred: but then I gave him the hint; so all the merit of original conception was mine.

Delighted with the success of Scorpion's satire. Sells amazingly. Sent his widow a bottle of pricked wine, and spoke to the overseers of the parish, about his children. How sweet are the labours of humanity! How pleasing are the emotions of gratitude, to the human heart!

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to the managers of New Drury.

Regaled ourselves at night, with some porter at supper; and I promised Sarah money for a pair of shoes, as soon as I received the remainder, that was due for the Essay on the Goths. Went to bed happy, because I had money in my pocket.

*Friday.* Awakened at seven o'clock by a loud knocking at my bed-room door. Thought it was some printer's devil, for copy as usual. Opened the door, when a bailiff entered, and arrested me for 20l. I was horror-struck. My poor Sarah was asleep, and knew nothing of the calamity. It was a hard task to awaken her, and tell her the misfortune that had befallen us. She was in a happy slumber. I could not rob her of it. Even the myrmidon of the law, in whose power I was secured, was touched by my condition. He asked if I had any friend, to whom I could apply? Not one! Money, with which I could pay the debt? Alas! no. My Sarah awoke. I will not describe the scene. I went to prison, whither she soon followed me. I applied to the book-

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Mr. Vocable brought home the index to the Universal History. Makes four sheets. Expected twelve guineas. Not done well; very defective, told him so, and swore I would not give him more than 3l. I knew he was too poor to stand out; so at last he took it. Mem. Saved 9l. 12s.

Bought two blood mares for my carriage. Literature, a thriving trade. Little thought I should keep a carriage, when I first arrived in London, errand boy to Demy, the stationer. Thank God, all honest, clear gains. Authors might be as rich as booksellers, if they were as provident. No persons paid more liberally, for its all profit with them.

*Saturday.* Amused myself to day with looking into my literary transactions, for the last six months. Find that I have paid 156l. 17s. 6d. for the copy-rights of nine different works, by which I have *cleared* exactly 1200l. 14s. 0½d. This is what I call speculating with prudence. Mem. Five of the above nine authors in the Bench; two in Newgate; one died there, and the other ran away to America, seventeen shillings in my debt. What a d——d profligate extravagant set they are!

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sellers who employed me. One had no money; another was bound by his act of partnership, not to enter into a bail; and the third coolly replied that he supposed I could not be very much inclined to literary pursuits in my next lodging, and therefore begged I would not go on with the history of Carlisle! Johnson in the foolish pride of paradox, asserted that booksellers were the only patrons of literature! They are the purveyors; but patronage is beyond the scope of their cent. per cent. calculatories. Sarah went to the attorney, and offered him the five pounds; but he was inexorable. All or none. My doom was fixed, and I submitted.

*Saturday.* After a restless and perturbed night, I woke to meditation and madness. I reflected upon what had been my career; what had been the varying turns of my fortune in the course of the last six months. With unremitting toil, I had become beggar; I had starved in the midst of severest labor; and now I found myself in a prison with no hope of redemption from it. That which could not save me from its jaws, would hardly extricate me afterwards. Such are the rewards of literature, from those

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*Sunday.* Went to the Magdalen. The Rev. Mr. ——— preached very finely; but was surprised to hear all that part of the lank clergyman's essay, which related to *fornication.* Suppose friend Drawl had lent it him. Gave sixpence as I came out. A very fine discourse. Passed the rest of the day with *Betsey.*

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who owe all their affluence to its cultivators.

*Sunday.* A gloomy and a wretched day. Sarah brought my little ones to see me. We sat in mournful silence for a time, undisturbed even by their prattling innocence. The cheerless aspect of the place, seemed to overawe their little minds; and they crowded round my knees, with looks of painful inquiry. Passed the evening in tears, and retired to bed to weep undisturbed.

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## THE REVIEWER, No. XIV.

*Tales, by the Rev. George Crabbe.*

It is difficult to speak of Mr. Crabbe, without that affection, which naturally attaches to the friend and favorite of our youthful years; to whom our childhood has been indebted, for many of its intellectual pleasures; and whose descriptions of nature and of manners, have left an impression, that neither the intrusion of care, nor the bustle and vicissitude of active life, have effaced from our remembrance. His description of a parish workhouse, and his counterpart to Goldsmith's Village Curate, were among the first passages of English poetry, that awakened our juvenile attention, are probably among the last, which the progress of time, or the predominance of later and more splendid excellence, will obliterate.

It is seldom that the poetical or literary character of an individual remains unchanged through so long an interval as that which elapsed between the first productions

of Mr. Crabbe, and the effusions of his age. The same views of life and human nature, the same predisposition to dwell with minuteness on the dark and unfavourable side of the poetical picture, and the same homeliness of diction, and affected ruggedness of verse, that impeded the success of the Village Curate among his early readers, are equally observable in his later volumes. His accuracy in the delineation of unpleasing objects, of the habitations of dependent and profligate indigence, of the smuggler's cottage, and the pauper's bed, of the noisome alley and the crowded ward, is not less apparent in the compositions of the reverend and respectable vicar, than in the effusions of the young and aspiring deacon, while his pictures of life are relieved by a greater variety of action, and his descriptions embellished by a more minute and diversified observation of the human character.

But unfortunately Mr. Crabbe, like all preceding votaries of literary fame, too easily intoxicated by public approbation, and unwilling to discriminate between those excellencies that have in themselves contributed to his success, and those deformities which have only been forgiven in consideration of the beauties by which they were accompanied, has thought it necessary, in his later works, to obtrude upon the public eye in all the prominence of display, every peculiarity of phraseology and versification, that the admirers of his early writings had most sincerely lamented, or the most earnestly corrected. He should have remembered that it was for the truth of his delineations, the force of his descriptions, and the occasional pathos of his sentiment, that he had received the gratitude of the public and the praise of criticism. His quaintness of expression, his inaccuracy of rhyme, the ruggedness of his verse, his occasional attempts at wit, and the inanimate prosing that distinguished a considerable portion of his didactic efforts, were lamented as the unavoidable, or forgiven as the excusable, peculiarities of a poet, who atoned for their existence by great and various excellencies. The candid regarded them with in-

dulgence, and the fastidious with an impatience proportioned to the gratification that they so frequently repressed or interrupted.

It has been asserted, indeed, by Cowper, and other writers of considerable talent, that the occasional introduction of a hobbling line or an imperfect rhyme, communicates variety to the measure, and obviates that "sickening melody" which disgusts and satiates in the writings of Pope. But the only variety that can be admitted in poetical composition is variety of excellence. The paces of a horse were never improved by causing him to limp; nor does the amputation of a foot improve the couplet more than the steed. Were an architect to leave his ornaments unfinished, or to vitiate the symmetry of his building, on the popular pretexts of communicating variety by carelessness of touch, &c. &c. he would only become the object of popular ridicule. The simplicitas munditiis is the result of exquisite art, not of wilful deformity or desperate negligence. Let the reader compare the commencement of the Hind and the Panther, with the rugged verses that are so conspicuous in many of Cowper's most successful productions, and then determine whether the intermixture of poetry with doggrel, or the bold and graceful harmony that is at once the result of skill and labour, be most delightful to the ear, or afford the most gratifying species of variety.

It is with pleasure that we have observed the Tales in Verse to be in a great measure purified from the asperities of diction, and those affectations of phraseology by which his last production was distinguished. But he still mistakes homeliness for simplicity, and in his fear of extravagance, is content to be prosaic. Though many occasions occur for the full display of all the enthusiasm of poetry, and all the splendor of rhetorical embellishment, he studiously avoids them. To tell his story in parallel lines of ten syllables seems to be his sole ambition; and even the reader who admires the intimate knowledge of life and human nature, the accurate discrimination of character, and the ingenuity of invention

that his effusions display, must be disposed to regret that he has not occasionally assumed a more lofty and animated tone, nor given to his descriptions at once the accuracy of truth, and the pathos and energy of poetical eloquence.

As the faults of Mr. Crabbe's compositions will be sufficiently evident even in the extracts that we make to elucidate his characteristic excellencies, we shall proceed to the more pleasing task of pointing out a few of the latter to the admiration of our readers.

Considered merely as tales, the different essays contained in the present volumes have no pretensions to peculiar merit. They are usually indeed nothing more than the detail of a single incident, or the description of common-place occurrences, accompanied by appropriate reflections. A young man of genius relies on the professions of his patron, is disappointed, returns home and dies of a broken heart. A sailor leaves his sweetheart, and after a long absence, finds the object of his former love wealthy, and therefore unkind. A farmer's daughter returns from the boarding school, with ideas and manners too refined for rustic occupations, and with a disgust for the unpolished beings who surround her. She is reclaimed by the advice of a neighbouring widow, who relates her own history, and becomes the happy wife of a rustic neighbour. In describing the knavery of the lower classes, he is most luxuriant and successful: the volume abounds with descriptions of knavish stationers, and humble companions to country gentlewomen.

We recommend the following advice to the consideration of all juvenile satirists.

Hear me, my boy, thou hast a virtuous mind,
But be thy virtues of the sober kind;
Be not a Quixote ever up in arms,
To give the guilty and the great alarms,
If never heeded thy attack is vain,
And if they heed thee, they'll attack again,
Then too, in striking at that heedless rate,
Thou in an instant may'st decide thy fate;

Leave admonition: let the vicar give,
Rules how the noble of his flock should live;
Nor take that simple fancy to thy brain,
That thou can'st cure the wicked and the vain:
Our Pope they say once entertained the whim,
Who feared not God, should be afraid of him:
But grant they feared him, was it further said,
That he reformed the cheats he *made afraid?*
Did Chartres mend Ward, Waters and a score
Of flagrant felons with his floggings sore?——
Was Cibber silenced? No! with vigor blessed,
And brazen front, half earnest, half in jest,
He dared the bard to battle, and was seen,
In all his glory matched with Pope and spleen.
Himself he stript the harder blow to hit,
Then boldly matched his ribaldry with wit,
The poet's conquest truth and time proclaim,
But yet the battle hurt his peace and fame.

The subjoined portrait is in Mr. Crabbe's best manner:

With spirit high, John learned the world to brave,
And in both senses was a ready knave,
*Knave* as of old obedient, keen and quick,
Knave as at present, skill'd to shift and trick:
Some humble part of many trades he caught,
He for the builder and the painter wrote,
For serving-maids on secret errands ran,
The waiter's helper, and the hostler's man;
And when he chanced (oft chanced he, place to lose,)
His varying genius shone in blacking shoes,
A midnight fisher by the pond he stood,
Assistant poacher he o'er-looked the wood,
At an election John's impartial mind,
Was to no cause, nor candidate confin'd;
To all in turn he full allegiance swore,
And in his hat the various badges bore,
His liberal soul with every sect agreed,
Unheard their reasons, he received their creed,
At church he deigned the organ pipes to fill,
And at the meeting sang both loud and shrill;

But the full purse these different merits gained,
By strong demands his lively passions drained,
Liquors he loved of each inflaming kind,
In midnight revels flew with art and mind.
Too warm at cards a losing game he played,
To pleasing beauty his attention paid;
His boiling passions were by oaths expressed,
And lies he made his profit and his jest.

He falls sick, becomes a convert to the methodists, and they place him in business.

His patrons still disposed their aid to lend,
Behind a counter placed their humble friend,
When pens and paper were on shelves displayed,
And pious pamphlets on the windows laid;
By nature active, and from vice restrained,
Increasing trade his bolder views restrained;
His friends and teachers finding so much zeal
In that young convert whom they taught to feel,
His trade encouraged, and were pleased to find,
A hand so ready with an humble mind.
And now his health restored, his spirits eased,
He wished to marry if the teachers pleased,
They not unwilling from the virgin class,
Took him a comely and a courteous lass;
Simple and civil, loving, and beloved,
She long a fond and faithful partner proved.
In every year the elders and the priest,
Were duly summoned to a Christmas feast;
Now came a babe, but by his growing trade,
John had provision for the coming made;
For friends and strangers all were pleased to deal
With one whose care was equal to his zeal.
In human friendships, it compels a sigh,
To think what trifles will dissolve the tie:
John now became a master of his trade,
Perceived how much improvement might be made;
And as this prospect open'd to his view,
A certain portion of his zeal withdrew.
His fear abated. What had he to fear,
His profits certain, and his conscience clear?

Above his door, a board was placed by John,
And Dighton, stationer, was gilt thereon;
His window next enlarged to twice the size,
Shone with such trinkets as the simple prize,
While in the shop with pious works were seen
The last new play, review, or magazine, &c. &c.

His gradual progress, till he quarrels with his spiritual guides, his excuses in reply to their remonstrances, his desertion of the meeting, and his termination in unbelief, are described with the most perfect knowledge of the human character.

The great merit of the tales, depends, indeed, on their gradual developement of character; and our readers can obtain but a faint idea of their excellence from detached extracts. Yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting a single passage, of which the effect when taken in connection with the other parts of the tale, is almost electrical. George Fletcher, a bold and honest seaman, supports his brother Isaac, during his apprenticeship; and sends him when married, one half of his pay to assist him in the world. George at length loses his leg in an action at sea, and informs Isaac of his misfortune.

"Sure that he'd receive
All of his brother, that the foe might leave,
That he the grog and cabin would supply
When George at anchor, during life would lie.
The landman read, and reading grew distrest,
Could he resolve to admit so poor a guest.
Better at Greenwich might the sailor stay,
Unless his purse could for his comforts pay:
So Isaac judged, and to his wife appealed,
But yet acknowledged it was best to yield,
Perhaps his pension, with what sums remain,
Due or unsquandered may the man maintain;
Refuse we must not!

George returns, neglected and upbraided.

"Brother," said Isaac, "you will sure excuse
The little freedom I'm compelled to use,
My wife's relations (curse the haughty crew)
Affect such niceness, and such dread of you,
You speak so loud, and they have natures soft,
Brother—I wish—do go upon the loft."

Here he is left to perish broken-hearted. His little nephew visits him, with food purloined from his dinner, but is detected, and forbidden to see his uncle. Nevertheless steals up to the garret at midnight, and the following lines conclude the tale.

George now remarked that all was still as night,
And hastened up with terror and delight;
Uncle, he cried, and softly tapp'd the door,
Do let me in; but he could add no more,
The careful father caught him in the fact,
And cried "you serpent, is it thus you act;
Back to your mother," and with hasty blow
He sent the indignant boy to grieve below,
Then at the door an angry speech began,
"Is this your conduct, is it thus your plan,
Seduce my child, and make my house a scene
Of vile dispute, what is it that you mean?
George, are you dumb, do learn to know your friends,
And think awhile on whom your bread depends;
What, not a word! Be thankful I am cool;
But, Sir, beware, nor longer play the fool:
Come, brother! come; what is it that you seek
By this rebellion? Speak, you villain speak!
Weeping, I warrant—sorrow makes you dumb;
I'll ope your mouth, impostor! If I come.
Let me approach—I'll shake you from the bed,
You stubborn dog—Oh! God, my brother's dead!"

On the whole there is sufficient merit in these volumes, to charm the contemplative, and satisfy the fastidious. But the merit is all of one kind, and Mr. Crabbe had already convinced us, that he is not less able to delight

the critic, by the splendor of his imagery, and the melody of his verse, than to instruct the philosopher, by his sombre delineations of life and character. When he again presents himself to the notice of the public, we hope that he will appear in a less homely garb, and with a more gay and animated countenance. At present he is only a fit companion for the guests of Duke Humphrey, or the gloomy frequenters of the tabernacle.

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## GWILLIM LLOYD WARDLE, ESQ.

Scarcely three years have elapsed since the mover of the charges against the Duke of York, had attained the summit of a popularity unexampled in the history of a private individual of confined fortune, obscure connections, and contemptible talents. The gratitude of the English people for real or imaginary favors is seldom restrained by any considerations of prudence, or by any reference to the motives of the individual by whose exertions their interests are promoted: they lavish their favors on the genuine patriot, till he is intoxicated by success, and reward the designing villain who only advocates the cause of the public as it promotes his individual benefit, for the advantages that his villainy incidentally obtains. They will not discriminate between a Wilkes and a Chatham, a Brougham and a Wardle; but receive with equal enthusiasm the professions of a mere pretender to independence, and the exertions of a conscientious champion of the rights and liberties of his country.

Had the people of England permitted themselves to scrutinize the conduct and the language of their champion, while they looked forward with anxiety to the success of his exertions, neither the recriminations of Mrs. Clarke, nor the evidence of Stokes would have been required to convince them that his principles were as

dishonorable,as his talents were moderate, and his motives mercenary. At the very outset of his exertions as an accuser, he confessed himself, on the cross-examination of Mr. Perceval, to have been guilty of deliberate falsehood, and his subsequent prevarications in order to conceal the intimacy between himself and Mrs. Clarke, would have been received before an inferior tribunal as a decisive proof of the infamy of the individual by whom they were committed.

It would have appeared not only from the general tenor of the Colonel's language, but from his solemn declaration that his intercourse with Mrs. Clarke was only casual and occasional; that she was the unwilling instrument of his charges against the duke, and that the written evidence he adduced, was obtained either by stratagem or force. It was something unusual indeed for a member of parliament to confess that he had been guilty of stealing; but what crimes may not a patriot commit, without experiencing any diminution of the public confidence, or incurring any share of popular reprehension? Notwithstanding his prevarications and professions, the member for Okehampton became therefore the pride of the city and the idol of the multitude: gold cups, and swords, and services of plate, were voted to the champion of public liberty, and the enemy of corruption; and his steps were pursued, and his presence announced, by the plaudits and acclamations of the populace.

At length the evidence adduced on his legal contest with the Wrights, awakened the suspicions of the reflecting part of the community. Had the Colonel's prudence been equal to his vanity, he might have seen that his pledge to the upholsterer, for the value of the goods purchased by Mrs. Clarke, was, independent of all direct evidence, a matter of the highest probability. It is not likely that he could expect her to forward his purposes for nothing; and the furniture is apparently the only remuneration that she obtained through the influence of

the Colonel. But admitting that he had made no specific promise to Wright, what can we think of his prudence or his generosity? He was indebted for the elevation that he had obtained in the public opinion, to her disclosures: the plate, the gold boxes, and all the other acquisitions, that had gratified his ambition or his avarice, were only a tribute to his exertions in the developement of the information communicated by Mrs. Clarke, and her friendship was as necessary to his future plans, as it had been advantageous to the prosecution of his immediate interests: yet with a degree of ingratitude, only equalled by its fatuity, he refuses to relieve or remunerate the woman to whom he had been indebted for his fame and his prosperity; and publishes his infamy to the court and to the world, rather than lose the chance of escaping from the payment of a demand, with which the common feelings of manhood, independent of legal obligation, should have induced him to comply.

The ridicule of the idle, and the indignation of the honest, now pursued him through all the mazes of his political career. The evidence of Mr. Stokes, and the subsequent disclosures communicated in the Rival Princes, contributed to the final downfal of his tottering reputation; and but for the indiscretion of the patriots of the city, who unexpectedly thought proper to testify their sense of his "virtue and his honesty" by Latin speeches, and by more solid testimonials of regard, his retirement from the observation of the public might have been still more rapid and disgraceful. Even under the actual circumstances, however, of his disgrace, he exhibited a deplorable picture of human infirmity, and a melancholy example of imprudence to every future patriot, who, unconscious that they are only secure while they preserve appearances, may be so far intoxicated by success as to throw aside the veil that had hitherto concealed their follies and their crimes.

We would not be understood by any of the preceding observations to insinuate for a moment, that the Duke of

York was guiltless of the charges on which he was arraigned. His own letters, independently of oral evidence sufficiently testify the indiscretion of the duke, and the influence of the mistress. In the usual intercourse of life, nothing is more common than for one villain to pursue another to the extremity of legal vengeance. Nothing that may be adduced against the character of Wardle will ever obliterate from the Worthing letters the name of an English colonel and an Irish divine: nor can any ingenuity of reasoning demonstrate what seems to have been admitted by the public, that because Wardle was a prevaricator, the Duke of York deserved to be reinstated in his office.

Exiled from his former friends, and driven by choice or by necessity, from one second floor to another, the colonel had almost been forgotten by the public, and had almost eluded the inquiries of those political gossips, to whom the intrigues of Mrs. Clarke and her friends afforded a subject of conversation, when he suddenly started up as the soldier's advocate, and the professed enemy of military flogging. Immediately subsequent to the rejection of his unfortunate motion respecting Corporal Curtis, we expressed our regret, that a good cause should be disgraced by the appearance of so indiscreet an advocate, and by the obtrusion on the notice of the House of Commons, of a complaint so utterly destitute of foundation, and under circumstances so peculiarly calculated to render both the mover and motion itself, the object of senatorial contempt, and popular derision. His motion was seconded only by a gentleman implicated in the charges he had advanced; and this walking committee of the House of Commons, was compelled to walk away in disappointment and disgrace.

To this review of his conduct, we have been excited by the appearance of an advertisement, dated from his Farm at Tunbridge Wells, in which after enumerating his services in the House of Commons; his charges

against the Duke of York, his plan for a deduction of eleven millions in our expenditure, and his exertions on behalf of Corporal Curtis, he expresses his conviction, that while the House of Commons is constructed on the present system of representation, all the exertion to stem the torrent of corruption, must be worse than useless; and he comes forward therefore, not to solicit, but to decline their suffrages. "Constituents! (he exclaims) I bid you farewell!" Now, if it were admitted, that Mr. Wardle was influenced in this determination by motives of patriotism: what a picture does it afford us of his judgment or his sagacity? There is little chance of stemming corruption in the House of Commons; and he therefore deprives the people of the only chance they have left, that of having some independent members to counteract the proceeding of a majority! There are too many placemen and pensioners already in the house; and he gives way to the admission of another. The influence of the crown in the legislative body, is nearly paramount, and he therefore lends his assistance to render it despotic. The danger is great, and *because* it requires to be opposed, he deserts his post! This may be the conduct of a man, who prefers his convenience to his duty; but whether pursued by a Wardle, or a Burdett, it is not the conduct of a sincere and judicious patriot, determined to struggle to the last, and to fight for liberty at the hazard of being buried in its ruins!

The truth is, we have no doubt, that Mr. Wardle anticipated the intention of the electors of Okehampton, and declined what he knew himself unable to obtain. The sentiments of his former constituents have been repeatedly and unequivocally declared, and we believe that there is not a borough in England that would not be ashamed to choose him as their representative. He has not money to purchase, or influence to solicit, or character to command the votes of the most insignificant or the most infatuated body of men, on whom it is pos-

sible that the elective franchise should devolve. He has been taught by experience that an addiction to low intrigue, and the mere pursuit of personal advantage under the mask of patriotism, can only elevate the ambitious individual to a temporary popularity, of which the remembrance only embitters his return to obscurity; and the example of Sir Francis Burdett may have taught him that a direct and steady perseverance in the paths of public virtue will not only atone for many errors and imperfections, but is, even in the struggles of political contention, its own reward.

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## THE MASK OF PATRIOTISM!

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To W—— F——, Esq.

Sir,

When our country is in danger we look forward for the assistance of patriots, to rescue it from the fate which impending over its head, seems to threaten its immediate downfall. *Patria nostra delectat!* A steady patriot is the first attribute from Heaven: we revere him for his virtues—we respect him for his strength—we talk of him with affection in our hearts, with pleasure on our tongues—we expect him to be all that the creator of man can raise up in defence of the liberties—of the property, of the virtues, and of the well being of society—we examine into his character—we inspect into his private concerns—we ask of his neighbours—"Is this a man to be trusted? Is he a faithful husband—a fond parent—a good master—a man conscientious in his dealings—addicted to no vice—above corruption—having in his view, when he offers assistance to his country in the hour of necessity, the preservation of its peace—the dispensation of justice to all, and the recognition of his NEIGHBOUR'S LAND-MARK?" Such a man presenting himself to the gaze and admiration of his fellow subjects, is indeed a patriot. He will bold-

ly come forward, in the face of day, and regarding with a steady and determined countenance the opposing shafts of calumny, will lift up his voice in the market-place of the people, and when the bow is bent, will in the conscious voice of innocence, exclaim, "Let fly the arrow—I fear you not! the tenor of my life has been blameless. I have lived for my country. I will die for my country! I have invaded no man's domestic comfort, I HAVE NOT BROKEN THE VOW WHICH I MADE AT THE ALTAR OF GOD! Tyranny in my own domestic circle was alien to my household—Insupport, therefore, of my country's rights, whose rights I have not infringed—To preserve the *moral* obligations which in society link us together, I will spend my last blood. Let fly the arrow! My purity will throw a shield around me, which your machinations and deadly weapons cannot affect."

Are you that man, Sir? Is domestic tyranny banished from your roof?—Is conjugal fidelity the uppermost in your thoughts? Do your dreams presage a happy moment when sleep quits your eye-lids? Do your children partake of the moral lessons, which your daily conduct as a parent sets before them? Does your amiable partner presume to advise you on your * * * * * * * * mode of living? Does she dare to put her negative on your stern commands, to ascend the chariot which is to convey you to the residence of your * * * * * *? Do your children not weep, when they descend the steps of your hall door, to accompany your affectionate and much wronged wife, to the mansion which contains the vessel of your iniquity?

These are questions which as a friend to my country, I judge expedient to put to you—You place yourself on the proud pedestal of patriotism—you cry aloud through the country, and your followers re-echo your cries of your "veneration for the constitution, of your adherence to the moral laws." But, Sir, is your life an earnest of your sincerity? Are your precepts the precepts of honour? Is not your conduct the conduct of a sensualist—of a

despiser of moral obligations—of a man who has virtue on his lips—vice in his heart! These are questions, which as the guardian of the public cause—as the detector of impostors—as the friend to marriage rights—as the warning voice to an innocent family of TWELVE CHILDREN against the vicious lessons of their natural protector, which I would, by this letter, endeavour to extract answers to, from you, Sir.

Shew me that the charges are unjust—that you have ceased to pursue a course, which in the end must lead to the ruin of your family—which must break the heart of your amiable wife; and I shall then hail with pleasure in your person, the return of virtue; and I shall do more—I shall give credit to your public professions.

But, Sir, if you fail in giving me this assurance, I shall then, having the public weal at my heart, lay open the whole of your conduct in the neighbourhood of your seat, and develope a scene of iniquity, which to detail, would, for the sake of your family, wound my feelings. But, Sir—*Salutis communes interest;* and under this impression, standing forward, as you avowedly do the champion of the community, I shall feel it my duty to pluck the laurel from your brow—to bare it open to public view, and by your fall, teach future patriots of your stamp—that to deserve well of their country, they should be free from the finger of reproach—that they should in private life be teachers of moral good, not merely preachers; for the supreme object of patriots, should be the rescue of the constitution from the grasp of polluted hands, and the hand which attempts that rescue, must be pure and unsullied.

Convince me, that your hands are pure and unsullied, and I will atone for this address, by abandoning my intended charge, and by amply apologizing for my boldness. But, Sir, neglect to do so, and I will pursue my object, which is to tear off the mask of hypocrisy.

HAMPDEN.

# DR. AYRTON PARIS, AND THE PRESENT STATE OF PHARMACY.

If it be true that to injure an individual in his profession, whether he be competent to its beneficial exercise or not, subjects the accusing party to an indictment for libel, the circumstance affords an additional proof that the law and justice are occasionally at variance. The health of the community is daily and hourly endangered by a multitude of empirics, who are either unconscious of their own incompetence to the task that they have undertaken, or resolve to sacrifice the health of the community to their pecuniary views ; and the writer who is both able and willing to detect their impositions and their ignorance, deserves, it might be presumed, some other return from the community whom he has endeavoured to protect, than the loss of fortune and of liberty.

Such were the reflections that were excited in our minds on learning that the physician to the Westminster Hospital was about to enlighten and astonish the medical world by a journey through the regions of pharmacentical and physiological science. We know that Mr. Paris was an extraordinary man: we knew that his attentions to Dr. Maton had been well rewarded, and we were afraid that the detection of professional errors in the writings of the learned lecturer on eggs would be visited with the collective vengeance of the Linnean Society. Our fears were removed, however, on discovering that in this instance the doctor has wholly overstept the boundaries of his art, and instead of writing a history of medicine, has produced nothing more than a pharmaceutical dictionary. We feel ourselves fully entitled, therefore, to all the recriminative rights of invaded proprietors. He has trespassed on our manor, and must pay the forfeit of his indiscretion.

It will be recollected that to the first six numbers of the SCOURGE there were appended Tables of quack medicines,

containing analyses of the most celebrated nostrums, with an account of their real properties, and comparative statements of their intrinsic value, and the cost to the purchaser. These tables were drawn up with considerable expence, from actual investigation. Except in those instances in which he gives the specification of the parties themselves, Dr. Paris has either faithfully copied our tables, or by deviating from them, has deviated into some unfortunate blunder. His account of Gowland's Lotion, for instance, is the same with ours, and even a mistake of our own, in calling a celebrated nostrum the Royal Preventative, is copied *literatim*. But where he trusts to himself he is generally absurd or inaccurate. He asserts that the Pectoral Balsam of Honey is nothing more than Tincture of Benzoni, or Tincture of Tolu; though in addition to the former of these articles it contains honey, opium, and sometimes saffron. Speaking of *Solomon's Balm of Gilead*, he says, "This notorious nostrum is nothing more than cardamom seeds and lemon peel infused in brandy." Yet it is certain that neither of these latter articles enter into its composition, and that it is merely a tincture of cantharides, perfumed by the infusion of some odoriferous herb—we suspect the Sicilian *Origanum*. Of Velno's Vegetable Syrup, he asserts that it has never yet cured the venereal disease. In reply to this assertion, we feel it our duty to declare, that in the months of March and April, 1809, five patients afflicted with the venereal disease in all its inveteracy were recommended, by the writer of this article, to a trial of the syrup; that in less than two months a perfect cure was effected, and that they have since continued in perfect health. Rymer's Cordial Tincture, he supposes, to be a tincture of allspice: though it is, in reality, a tincture of long pepper, cardamom seeds, lemon-peel and ginger. A tincture of allspice has a very different taste and odour, and is sold in the shops for spirit of lavender. *Whitehead's essence* of mustard he describes as a compound of oil of turpentine, camphor,

and a little spirit of rosemary : introducing the latter article without necessity, and omitting the most important ingredient, mustard, of which there are two drams in each four ounce bottle. So much for Dr. Paris's " Analysis of the most celebrated quack medicines."

In the enumeration of every article that form the materials of his dictionary, he proposes to describe 1. its sensible qualities ; 2. its chemical composition ; 3. its relative solubility in different menstrua ; 4. the incompatible substance, or those which are capable of altering its properties, or rendering its flavor or aspect unpleasant or disgusting ; 5. the best forms in which it can be exhibited ; 6. its specific doses ; 7. its medicinal effects ; 8. its officinal preparations , 9. its adulterations. To the name in which last of these objects, the only one in which he could not be much assisted by common publications, we are chiefly disposed to object. The system of adulteration is so widely extended and so ingeniously practised, that to detect the various modes in which the most valuable medicines are deprived of their most valuable properties, or converted into poisons, for the purposes of gain, is a task of equal utility and difficulty. Dr. Paris supposes cayenne to be sometimes adulterated with red lead, though the fraud would be instantly detected, and a cheaper and less dangerous substitute might be found in powdered gallangal. He says nothing of the numerous adulterations of bark, though in a powdered state, it is rarely found unmixed with almond powder and similar preparations. He cautions the reader against dried blood and asphaltum, though if he had been acquainted with practical pharmacy, he might have known that the common adulteration of musk is flour and honey kneaded together, and then dried until they crumble. Oil of anniseeds he describes as being sophisticated with camphor ; though the druggists are able to mix it at one fourth the expence of camphor with white wax and spermaceti ; the oil of rosemary is never, as Dr. Paris asserts, adulterated with the oil of turpentine, but with rectified spirit, and the

fraud may be detected by the admixture of water. The test suggested for the detection of oil of turpentine, in oil of juniper, viz. the black smoke that results from their combustion, is very imperfect and unsatisfactory: a convincing result may be obtained by the admixture of spirit of wine, which will dissolve the genuine oil, and leave the oil of turpentine behind.

It would appear, therefore, from the preceding observations, that Dr. Ayrton Paris in his hurry to publish a "Pharmacologia, or history of medicinal substances," has only exhibited his ambition, at the expence of his professional reputation. Whenever he advances a single step beyond the pharmacopeias and dispensarys of former days, he is sure to be erroneous or imperfect: respecting the composition of quack medicines, he is utterly uninformed, and his catalogue of adulterations is not less scanty than incorrect. The physician to the Westminster hospital has provoked us to the preceding observations, by the obtrusion of his friends, and the pomp of his advertisements; and our regret at the marks of inefficiency he has exhibited is the more poignant, inasmuch as we are convinced that a work on the plan of the Pharmacologia, compiled by an individual competent to the task, would not only be a treasure to the medical world, but a blessing to mankind.

## VAUXHALL AND THE SURRY MAGISTRATES.

We are gratified to find that our notice, in the last number of our work, of the conduct of Mr. Bowles, and the majority of the magistrates present at the Horsemonger-lane sessions, has attracted the attention of some of the first personages in the land.

At the Kingston session on the 7th ult. the licence for music and dancing at Vauxhall was granted to Mr. Barrett on his application; the magistrates having assembled very numerously, and as unanimously acceded to the petition. The Duke of Norfolk was present, and,

he made a speech in favour of the victualler's licence, which, it may be recollected, was rejected on the suggestion of Mr. Bowles—the determined enemy to vice and immorality! His Grace of Norfolk embraced in his speech the substance of our observations, and concluded with moving the reconsideration of the decision, which the Borough magistrates had come to. The motion was opposed by Mr. Holme Sumner, and some other persons, who admitting the rationality of the general entertainments at Vauxhall, and the pleasure which they and their families in common with the public had received; yet conceived it necessary to debar that public from the future enjoyment, and for this singular reason, that the adoption of a motion such as the noble duke had proposed, would in effect operate "*as a censure upon the Borough magistrates!*"

The numbers that divided on the question, were thirty-five—eighteen were against the noble duke's motion, and thirteen supported it, consequently a majority of FIVE sanctioned the Borough magistrates, majority of FIVE also! *In virtutem trahere!*

It is not a little curious to mark the reasoning of some men, when they are manifestly committing an injury: in the present case, for instance, the opposers of the noble duke's proposition would not forsooth vote for it, because their votes might imply a *censure* upon a respectable body.

So then, an individual is to be injured, and the community to be deprived of their right, lest in doing justice, censure might be apparent. Pity it is that these friends to good order and social society, had not searched for some profounder argument in favour of their opposition. The public will be greatly obliged, no doubt, for their delicate scruples—we much question, whether the delicacy of the public, will so far overcome their sense of an unmerited injury, as not to induce THEM to pass a vote of *censure*!

However we trust some means will be adopted to compel the grant of a licence; a mandamus from the court of King's Bench, might have some effect. The proprietor of

Vauxhall might then have an opportunity of shewing that on no one night, when his gardens were opened, did he permit any indecorum. It is not because one or two magistrates chuse not to partake of the festivities of a masquerade that the public are to suffer. Vice generally shuns the broad glare of day, and is only predominant in secret places. This must be known to the magistrates as men—*Suus cuique mos est !*

## THE MODERN PHILIP—*not of* MACEDON!

Glancing our eyes upon public men we caught a glimpse of a renowned *Equestrian* of modern date, formerly a warrior of no small note, if the tales of wonder, which he relates of his own prowess " in the imminent deadly breach," are to be received as tales of truth: certain it is that he is never prouder than when he elicits the gaze of the multitude. An " *old soldier*" mounted in a sulky with a rotundity of shape not unlike Bright—(*perpenguis*) if his previous claims upon public attention, were insufficient to gratify his vanity, would unquestionably extort from the astonished passenger, the exclamation of " *there he gees*," recalling to his recollection the title of a burletta, once played at the theatre near Westminster Bridge.

In truth he is a great man—*Vir summæ facultatis*—In grappling, therefore, with so prodigious a personage, we have no other object in view than to offer at the shrine of adulation our high respect for talents, which on so many occasions have contributed to the gratification of society. Hercules was a great man, and haply if *he* had inhabited a *hall*, designated with his name, he too, in the plenitude of his power might have delighted *his* neighbours with some of his quips and cranks, such as the modern Philip—(*not* of *Macedon*) continues to exhibit; though to be sure these quips are not at all seasons con-

genial with the humour of his fair neighbours; remonstrances have been made and received too with a "Goad d——n em—Goad d——n em—What! hey! dont like it—hey! What they're *ladies*, hey, ladies! tell em they may ——." This permission not being perfectly agreeable to the taste of the ladies, they informed the *manager* of the conference, that they were of opinion with Hamlet—"Let *Hercules* himself do what he may—the *cat* will mew—the DOG will have his day!"

More than forty years have rolled along the current of time since this celebrated whip first brandished the dreadful thong—since neighing prads first felt the heavy lash. Time and the love of variety—of uncommon tricks and of surprising feats of agility, so agreeable to John Bull, have raised the rent-roll of the modern Philip's estates to somewhere about two thousand pounds a year! It seemed in the accumulation of this vast income, as if the fates had decreed he should grow rich. Industry leads to wealth, and industry with him is proverbial. We quarrel not with him on that score. We merely point out for the amusement of our friends some few of his eccentricities—the recital of them give us pain, but we must do our duty. If in the exercise of that duty we should extract from the modern Philip admission of his wrong, and a promise of amendment, we shall be more than repaid for the unpleasant task which is imposed upon us; but if the whip of the SCOURGE fail to affect a "brother bridle," laid on as we shall now lay it on gently; why then, we shall let it fall a little heavier in a future number!

The good humour of the gentleman, we rather think, will join with us in the laugh, which we are about to raise at his expence, on the recital of some of his recent oddities; and while we recount them, they appear as the result rather of a due want of thought, than of any intention on his part to injure. When we say injure—we mean a desire to injure the feelings of any set of honest mechanics.

Sometime since the modern Philip gave direction for the erection of a superb edifice, which in honour of the Prince Regent, he designated the "*Pavilion*"—this edifice was fitted up in oriental splendour, and the superintendance of the stately columns *himself* committed to *himself*—nay so much did he conceive *himself* at home, during the progress of the works, that he invariably inspected the mechanics of each department, much to their *dissatisfaction!* The thundering and authoritative tone of voice, with which he announced his orders, were not at all agreeable to the sons of labour. On one occasion, happening to go there rather before the hour of dinner had expired, and not thinking the building was in that state of forwardness, which suited his fancy, he called most vociferously for the slaters—these honest men shortly after appeared; when, to use his own phrase—" he opened" upon them in strains something like the following: "I say now, arn't you pretty fellows, Goad d—n me, to rob me in this manner? Do you call this getting on with your work—lookye here? Do you see this watch (pulling one from his pocket) Goad d—n me! You might as well pick my pocket of this." The workmen not relishing these observations, and not exactly coinciding with the opinions which he had thus *gratuitously* promulgated, without bidding adieu, abruptly left the stage—*Exeunt omnes!* On the following morning, a most respectable gentleman, a relation, remonstrated with him, observing that they were honest men, and would not bear so heinous a charge; the modern Philip replied, "What do they want—what do they want! Goad d—n it, what, they're not *lords* are they! Oh, they won't come again! Let'em stay away! Get plenty more—get plenty more! Money enough, Sir! money enough, Sir!"

The classical acquirements of this gentleman are not very great; but he is a traveller, and during the peace of Amiens was in Paris, where he remained a sufficient time to engage the attention of the then First Consul, who at the rupture of that peace, provided him with quarters free

of expence. After remaining for a lengthened period a prisoner of war, much to the delight of his household at home and to his benefit: he contrived to elude the vigilance of his *friends* on the continent, and escaped to England; since then he has figured in the capacity of author. His writings have been multifarious—we know not whether to admire him most as a dramatist and poet—as a geographer, or as an equestrian historian. In either point of view his labours are deserving of praise; for though the productions of his muse (and we trust he will not be displeased with us for the candour of our opinions,) certainly fall beneath comparison, when we introduce the name of Shakespeare; yet they may defy the test of criticism, when weighed in the balance with the productions of Mr. C. F. Barrett. As a geographer, his maps do not bear any affinity to Faden's, but they give a very clear idea of the places they *point* our! For upon a review of them, we perceive that the most prominent places traced in the route of other maps, are kept in the back grounds in our hero's maps, or in other words—*left out.* As an equestrian historian, he must be allowed the palm of victory beyond all competitors. Indeed the history is written in language so suitable to the *meanest* capacity, that we really wish the author success.

So good a judge is he of nature and her laws, that we could name several curious anecdotes in which, even at the expence of modesty, he has forborne to violate her call. His judgment too in all mundane affairs is equally clear and comprehensive. For instance: if he has a tenement to let, he demands a year's rent in advance, and some of his tenants being but fragile occupiers, he of course gets the start of them, and should they by any adverse fate be compelled to stop till nearly the completion of their probationary term, he makes a call a few weeks before for another year's rent; and if the poor creatures are not able to comply, he exclaims—" Why then, by Goad you must bundle! you must bun-

dle!" and *bundle* they do before twelve o'clock of the quarter-day!

In the management of his public concerns he is dictatorial to a degree. The town had been nauseated for years previous to those concerns falling under the controul of his relative, and he was prevailed upon by some persons who wished him well, to forbear any further attempts upon public credulity. In fact, the public had received enough, and would take no more of his *stuff*. Under this impression he was bound down not to interfere for seven years, and during that period the concern flourished—money rolled into his pocket, which he had the folly to imagine was owing not to the value of the ware sold, but to the value which the public put on *his name. Bene audire!*

The seven years having expired, the modern Philip resumed his apron, returned to the counter, and began to vend his nostrums. *Quack! quack! quack!* was the order of the day. The public appetite heaved at the prescriptions—they tasted them not, and—the shop is now shut up! Whether he will see his error or not remains to be shewn.

In the interim we would recommend to him, if gain be his object, or if fame be his object, to commit to the guidance of some man of judgment and of taste, the direction of his public concerns. Let him return to the *Hall*, crack his joke, enjoy his ease, and retire as usual to rest at seven o'clock. He then will be free from the observations and insinuations of many persons who, when they approach his august presence, seated in his sulky, he conceives are coming to do him homage, but who to his vexation (shame he will not say) he finds approach to insult. The retort to their insults of "Goad d—n you, go to H—," is no satisfaction to him; if reflection be at his elbow—but reflection; it is in vain to talk of reflection! who ever heard that out of a hog's lappets any one ever made a silken purse?

We abstain from relating many anecdotes which in the detail would furnish ample proof, that in the dispensation of power, he has too often exercised the *verberibus operire.* We hope such an exercise has been the result of a temper hasty, not slow to wrath. With respect to pecuniary concerns, it is in the nature of man to keep the unfortunate neck of the slave within his power, under the grindstone. Generosity, liberality, and even humanity, we suspect, are qualities which shun the dim disk of the sun at ——— Hall.

He has lately assumed the office of reporter to some of the daily journals, and perhaps upon consideration the public may think him fully qualified for the situation, At least when they compare his lucubrations with those of his editorial compeers. Brother Bridle Parker's account of the Russian affair near Moscow, transmitted by the modern Philip, is a proof of the versatility of his talent, and the depth of his knowledge—the correctness of the account, however, did not justify the publication, and the laugh of the town is directed against the editors and the modern Philip.

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## TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF C———.

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The calumnies of the envious and malignant, while they disturb not the tranquillity of innocence, afford a useful lesson of cautious propriety even to virtue itself. He who has once been taught with what facility the most trivial indiscretions, or the most pardonable eccentricities, may be converted to the purposes of ignorant and officious malice, will learn to regulate his deportment, and to guide the most trivial actions of his life, as if he were exposed to the continual scrutiny of his enemies. In the circles of humble life it is possible, indeed, that the character of an individual

may be vilified by the most shameless falsehoods, and scrutinized with the most rancorous severity, while he remains in ignorance of the injuries that he receives, and of the ordeal to which his conduct is subjected. But the prince and the courtier, if they are more frequently the objects of envious accusation, are seldom the victims of unsuspected calumny. Through the medium of the press, they may always be acquainted with the sentiments entertained of their actions and their characters, and when the magnanimity of conscious virtue restrains them from visiting the falsehoods of their accusers, with the terrors of legal vengeance, they may learn at least, which of their peculiarities of manner or eccentricities of habit, are most obnoxious to the misrepresentations of the malignant, or the derision of the vulgar.

There are some princes, indeed, of magnanimity so exalted, and fortitude so immoveable, that they listen to the expression of popular hatred with the most amiable indifference, and satisfied with themselves, look on with a smile of tranquil self-complacency, while their habitations are placarded as the abodes of adultery and murder. To such men the serenity of innocence is a sufficient compensation for the malice and ingratitude of mankind; nor while the ministers of justice observe the respect that is due to the palaces of royalty, will any emotion of prophetic fear intrude on their hours of voluptuous dalliance. But virtue is not always its own security; the princes of other nations and other times, who displayed the loftiest superiority to popular opinion, and the most magnanimous disregard of popular observation, have been taught to feel that external propriety is a necessary safeguard to the most exalted virtue, and to be apparently wicked is sometimes as dangerous as to be the profligate perpetrator of actual crime.

In this country there are two modes in which the calumnies of the people against their superiors may be refuted or evaded. By a full and frank explanation of

the circumstances that may have led to popular misconception, or by so studious an observance of the decencies of life, that the clamorous may be silenced, and the censorious satisfied; by explaining what is past, and by precluding the future possibility of similar misrepresentations. The individual who adopts neither of these modes of defence, but who disregards the calumnies that have already obtained an extensive circulation, and continues to display the same habits, and to pursue the same objects that first gave rise to the charges against him, is a just object of suspicion, and deserves our pity for his insensibility, or our detestation of his effrontery.

It cannot have escaped the notice of your Royal Highness, or of your friends, that during the last six months a multitude of detached pamphlets and periodical essays have appeared, in which the character of your Royal Highness has been held up to the derision of the idle, and the indignation of the virtuous. The circumstances attending the melancholy catastrophe of S——, were construed even at first, by satirical and inflammatory writers, into proofs of something less innocent than of continence, and only less pardonable than murder. They spoke of *adultery*, as the origin of all the scenes that ensued; and lamented with sarcastic commiseration, that royalty should be subjected to the jealous revenge of an injured husband. Of late, however, they have assumed a bolder tone; and in language of which the import cannot be mistaken, have declared that *Sellis was not his own* murderer. The assertion has not only been circulated in the columns of the Independent Whig, and in the pages of the Political Review, but has been presented to the public eye, in every variety of form; on the walls of our churches, and the gates of the Regent's palace; that it should have escaped your notice, is therefore beyond the limits of possibility: you must have perceived the insinuation, that it was intended to convey; and to what can we ascribe your indifference to a charge involving so materially your most important and dearest interests?

In calling your attention to the writings in which these calumnies are circulated; I would not be understood as intending to advise a resort to legal vengeance. To punish the delinquent without retrieving the honor of a degraded reputation, is now admitted, even by Lord Castlereagh, to be an unsatisfactory exercise of wealth and power. No man ever re-established his character by an indictment for libel; and in a prince, individual folly gives birth to all the evils of confirmed unpopularity. But there is a safe, easy, and effectual mode of refuting the calumnies, and the misrepresentations of your literary enemies. Avoid *the appearance of vice*; and while you practice virtue, cultivate those arts of external observance, by which it is protected and adorned. If you be the visitor of an admiral, whom you honor by the name of friend, be careful to conduct your visits in such a manner that your attentions to your old friend be not construed into an attachment towards his wife: so regulate your conversation with the object of innocent regard, that every spectator shall not mistake unmeaning familiarities for the precursors of adultery: and when your visits are watched, have the fortitude to decline their repetition. By attending to these suggestions, if you do not bear away the palm of gallantry, you may obtain an impenetrable defence against the malignity of mercenary scribblers; and may bid defiance to the vulgar ribaldries of the pseudo Junius.

JUSTUS.

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## GENERAL ELECTION.

In our last, we particularly directed the attention of the whole body of electors in the empire, to the important call, which ministers had chosen to make upon them, at this very momentous crisis—we advised them, if they

possessed one spark of the *patria nostra delectat*, to elect men in whom they could confide—men who had not blindly supported a WAR, in defence of *mere* monarchical rights; but who would support a PEACE, so essentially necessary to the security of these realms—the preservation and restoration of trade, and the happiness and well being of the people.

With a rapidity, however, which rather astonished us, the proper officers of each county, town, and borough, issued their precepts in a few days after the proclamation appeared in the Gazette for the election of knights, citizens, and burgesses; and the power of electing came upon the electors, before they could well think for themselves; or examine into the merits and qualifications of the candidates. This much, however, is certain; that in many instances they were so overcome by the profound respect which was shewn them by the court minions—so *over-burthened* by the weight of the *treasury arguments*, that in many places they returned as fit and proper persons, to represent them in the ensuing parliament (which is to meet on the 24th instant,) men who casting at a distance every other object, save and except *self-interest*, will rush to the senate house, not to deliberate, but to *vote*! But we trust in their way, it will not be our misfortune to have to record of any one of those delegates,

*Labes conscientiæ in animo habet.*

The new parliament will meet much in the style of the old one—ministers are laughing in their sleeves at the stupidity of John Bull, who not only has again gulped down corruption's cats paws; but has even provided a few more for the convenience of their high mightinesses. We shall see, therefore, the same readiness to cry "*aye*," when they should cry "*no!*" And we shall listen also to long-winded debates—concluding at three, four, and five o'clock in the morning. We shall hear and see ministerial and opposition members snoring on

the benches of the house, or sipping their wine at Bellamy's until the bell is rung, and the call is pronounced, "*a division, Sir.*" These things we shall see and hear. The people of England will not be called upon to contribute one shilling less to the government; but they will be told of the necessity of interminable war, until "the monster"—"the villain"—"the tyrant Bonaparte" is hurled from the throne of France, and the Bourbons placed thereon—they will also be told of the necessity of adding to their burthens, to support this just war, until (like the man with the burthen on his back, who had a feather and a feather added to the weight, until the last feather broke it,) they can support the burthen no longer. *Then* the electors may exclaim against the stupidity of trusting to promises—but their outcry will be of no avail: the moment, when they might have obtained security, they suffered to escape; and in returning thanks, for what they have received—they may thank themselves!

*Ne dicas tibi nompredictum!*

Some of these delegates, as we before observed, have furnished pretty good specimens of their subserviency to the nod of power—that such men should again be returned to parliament, is a proof how much self-interest will warp that noblest of all passions, the *amor patriæ*! In the City of London, for instance, the election of Sir William Curtis, of Sir James Shaw, and of Mr. Atkins, established this fact beyond the possibility of doubt:—that the Bank of England—the East India-house, and certain other great trading companies, impose conditions upon the *freemen*, which in other states, not favouring of the principles of liberty, would be deemed a system of coercion—but the truth is, the state of society is sunk from the long tilt which our ministers has run against the tyrant of mankind, that the people are as yet content with half a loaf, rather than be deprived of bread—*ergo:* they vote for those men, who will give them employ. The threat of no vote "no work," has been held out, and

hunger is a very pressing advocate. It is true, that near three thousand freemen had the temerity to vote for Messrs Wood and Waithman; but the stream of ——— was stronger than the current of popularity!

In WESTMINSTER, Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane were returned without opposition. In their own citadel, ministers were afraid—they dared not to set up one of their supine adherents to insult the voice of the citizens of Westminster. To the honor of those citizens they made a stand against corruption which has immortalized them!

In the COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, Messrs. Byng and Mellish walked over the course. Here, as in the city of London, the Bank director's influence was so great that Independence fled at the approach of Mr. Mellish. Joy to the Middlesex freeholders! they may blush when they compare *their* conduct with that of the Westminster burgesses. So noble an example was worthy of imitation, but the *magnitude animo* was reserved solely for the citizens of Westminster—they *have* their reward in the approbation of their own consciences, and the applause of all good men.

In taking a casual glance at some of the other counties, cities, and boroughs, we shall make a few observations upon some of the elected and also upon some of the electors. It had been our intention to state some curious facts relating to certain representatives in the last parliament, but the sudden and hurried manner in which the elections were begun and concluded, precluded the possibility of our being of service in the cause of reform. We have the satisfaction of knowing that the general notice in our last number has produced, in some instances, the effect which we intended, for it has led to the overthrow of several aspirants to seats in the Legislative assembly. We therefore, in the present number, have no necessity to redeem our pledge with respect to them, our practice being—"*not to break a butterfly on the wheel.*"

We would, however, ask the electors of HINDON one question—Why did ye return to Parliament William Beckford of Fonthill? *Quam patrios succincta facis* SODOMITA *libido*!

The conduct of the electors of BRISTOL towards Sir Samuel Romilly has excited much surprize—they invited him to stand for that city, and then gave him such feeble support, that after a few days contest, he retired from their embraces with disgust. At LIVERPOOL the whim of the moment induced the merchants of that great town to request the honor of being represented by the Right Honourable George Canning, the *elevé* of the "saviour of Europe," as he was ridiculously called by his panegyrists. In making that request, they, no doubt, conceived that their interests as merchants would be more *substantially* protected by a minister *in embryo* than a General of the opposition squad, and they threw General Tarleton over the bridge, notwithstanding he had fought their battles for sixteen years with ability and independence!!!

After a severe contest, in which General Gascoyne, the late colleague of the other General (Tarleton) and Messrs. Brougham and Creevey were engaged, General Gascoyne was returned with Mr. Canning. The electors of Liverpool, therefore, have obtained their heart's desire—*two ministerial representatives.* The conduct of the merchants of Liverpool, like their fellow-traders of Bristol, has been marked by duplicity—they invited Mr. Brougham to stand for their town, and it was the opinion of the country that he must have been returned by a triumphant majority. But the gratitude which they professed (not practised) for his exertions in removing that obnoxious measure—the orders in council—their offers of returning him to parliament—nay more, their earnest solicitations "that he would do them the *honour* of representing them," were but as so many vapours—empty bubbles! From henceforward, let no such men be trusted!

Similar conduct was followed by the BOROUGH OF

SOUTHWARK electors; they received Sir Thomas Turton with so much coolness that he retired without firing a shot, except sending out a little paper bullet full of reproaches and egotistical professions of practices. He had the vanity to besiege the county of Surrey, but ministers had taken such strong possession that he was obliged to give in after a few days siege. In SUSSEX, honest Jack Fuller, as he was called, retired also. The dread of meeting the expence of a contest for so large a county as YORKSHIRE, deterred Mr. Stuart Wortley from going to a poll, although upon the retirement of Mr. Wilberforce (for whom, by the bye, the *saints* could not collect sufficient subscriptions) he had announced his intentions of becoming a candidate and expected a snug return. A day or two before the nomination, the *treasury arguments* were at work, and the *soundness* of them convinced Mr. Stuart Wortley that it would be vain, with his shallow reasons, to hope success—the day of nomination proved the inutility of his hopes. Mr. Lascelles (the minister's man) and Lord Milton were elected.

In most of the other counties, towns, and boroughs, the success of ministers has been equally brilliant. What will not the treasury arguments produce! They plume themselves therefore upon a very large majority, and consequently feel confident that whatever they propose will be acceded to. Their favourite plan of diversions on the continent to annoy the tyrant and disturber of the repose of Europe will be resorted to. Time will shew the effect of that plan. At any rate they may boast of the sanction of the legislature—of their wisdom in appealing to the country.

Some of the business of the next session, on the opposition side, may without much prophesy be very fairly anticipated. Mr. BANKES, and his reversion bill; Mr. CREEVEY, and the East India Company's affairs; Mr. WHITBREAD, and the state of the nation; Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, and a long address for a redress of grievances;

Mr. Tierney, with his objections to the court grants; Lord Folkstone, with a variety of insulated cases of oppression; Sir Samuel Romilly's amelioration of the condition of criminals, and amendment of the criminal code, &c. &c. all in their nature very proper for consideration; the result may be easily anticipated. On some of the questions ministers will divide with a sweeping majority—others will be negatived without a division!

Such is the state of the present representation of the people! Reform is the only cure for the evil. Mr. Brand has pledged himself to bring forward a plan of reform, which, from what we have heard of it, would, if carried into effect, tend most materially to paralyze the present energies of corruption. But the disposition of the *noes* is too apparent; and if one from above should propose reform, the confiding majority of the present day would negative the proposition. Subsidize foreign powers, and keep alive the thirst for bloodshed—*Bellum trahere*! and all is well. Besotted imaginations! How long will ye run away with the senses of our leaders?

With a parliament thus composed, what rational ground for expectation can the people of England entertain that the future resolutions of so august an assembly will be conducive to the public good, or glorious to the empire. The experience of the past gives but a sorry promise for time to come. Money will be lavishly voted, with economy in the mouths of the ministers, prodigality in their hearts! The people will acquiesce in paying their last shilling, but until the suggestion of Mr. Vansittart, namely a tax upon capital be adopted, little prospect of benefit to the great mass of the community can be expected.

The great landholders and the other branches of the monied interest must be called upon to contribute their *just quotas* to the exigencies of the state: until that be accomplished, vain-glorious is the boast "that the resources of the country are superabundant." Superabun-

dant they are—but that superabundance is at the disposal of a very few. Labour is the lot of the majority—the earnings of that labour, the sweat of the brow, is contributory to the government. The last drop must be wrung from their foreheads, before the government will awake from the lethargy which stupifies their faculties, and then this sad truth will wring in their ears—namely, that a constitution formed like the BRITISH CONSTITUTION, is for all purposes of happiness in a free state, the best which the ingenuity of man can devise: it gives protection to the prince and to the peasant; it gives also to the prince and the peasant an equal participation in all the rights and immunities thereunto belonging: it chalks out to the ministers their strict line of duty: it precludes them from harrassing the noble faculties of men—it points out to them that if money be required for the service of the state, it should be drawn from the pockets of that class of the community best able to contribute towards its support.

The parliament of England will do well to look to this: the heavily taxed and nearly consumed *middle-man* can furnish no more. Legislators, turn your attention to the GREAT CAPITALISTS! Let them by your resolutions disgorge a small part of their immense fortunes. The propositions made in the legislative assembly will shew to the people of England what the *real* character of their representatives is. The petty squabbles hitherto so disgraceful to the character of Britons of "the monied interest pays already too much," and "the agricultural interest is too heavily taxed;" we trust will no longer be heard. But in the general distress of the country, every man will do his utmost. If he refuses, he is not worthy to bear the name of Englishman.

With these sentiments on our mind, we shall regard with an anxious, but fearful eye, the conduct of the representatives of England in the present parliament.

[illegible] No. XIII.

The entrance of the Fr[illegible] Moscow, after their defeat in the battle of Borodino, a[illegible] a melancholy evidence of the inefficiency of the most dete[illegible]ed valour, undirected by the genius of a military leader. The Russians have not been worsted, but out-manœuvred; and the possession of the ancient capital of the empire is the reward of enterprize, activity, and talent. The conflagration of Moscow, though it may have disappointed their hopes of plunder, has retarded rather than delayed the quiet establishment of the French in winter quarters. If one-fourth of the capital remain, and one-fourth of the property of the citizens have been left behind, there will be sufficient accommodations for the invaders for the whole of the season; provisions may be obtained at Moscow as they have been obtained previous to its possession; and were the supplies from his rear sparing or uncertain, it is yet in his power, we are afraid, to command the resources of a circle not less than thirty miles round Moscow. The ministerial writers are quite rejoiced at the fatuity of Buonaparte in taking possession of a ruined capital, and are anxious to persuade their readers that as soon as the winter sets in the Russian armies will have little to do but to appear before their half-starved and half-frozen adversaries, and take them prisoners, or force them to retreat. Now that straggling parties of the Russians may occasionally intercept the supplies of provisions, and harrass the parties detached from the French army by occasional skirmishes is extremely possible; but we must be excused for doubting whether it be in the power of the Russians any more than of the French to carry on, during the season of frost and snow, a regular series of extensive operations. A hundred men may force their way through all the obstacles presented by the season and the elements, but we doubt

whether [illegible] implements and accoutrements of war, could march during the in[illegible]y of a Russian winter, and through deep [illegible] extensive snows, in any array that could be f[illegible]able to an enemy prepared for defence. It [illegible] probable, therefore, that the troops of Napoleon will lie snug at Moscow till the season of 1813; that in the mean time all the preparations of Bonaparte will be organized, and that with a regular chain of forces in his rear he will advance in triumph to St. Petersburg. It is possible indeed that the court of Russia may be able and willing to foresee the dangers to which the capital is subjected, and may employ its time so wisely and successfully, that the further progress of Napoleon may be prevented; but that any exertions, or any revolutions in the habits and opinions of the court will reduce Napoleon to the necessity of retreat, is beyond the bounds of reasonable expectation. Whether the conclusion of peace be soon or late, it will to all appearance be dictated from the Cremlin of Moscow, and the contest will most likely terminate in the retention by France of all the territories west of the Dwina, and the acquiescence of Russia in the continental system.

It may be deduced, from the contradictory evidence of the respective parties, that the conflagration of Moscow formed no part of the plan adopted originally by the Russian generals; but that its governor in the frenzy of despairing patriotism, extended the destruction, accidentally begun, during the contest in the streets. His determination is not less to be lamented, in a prospective view, than with an immediate reference to the interests of humanity. Its riches, and its luxuries, might have glutted for a time, the cupidity and licentiousness of Napoleon's army; but when peace shall arrive, Moscow will become once more the resort of the Russian people; and, but for its destruction, its palaces, and its habitations, might have remained, to welcome the return of their rightful owners.

The elections have terminated, we are afraid, in favor

of the ministers. The *eclat* of an unprofitable battle, will at any time atone, in the opinion of the good people of England, for many years of misery and servitude; and the triumph of a conflict, which was in reality of important consequences to the interest of Europe, and the welfare of the country, absolutely overwhelmed their reason, and hurried them in the frenzy of their joy, to believe Lord Castlereagh a statesman, and Mr. Vansittart a philosopher.

Sir Francis Burdett has endeavoured to atone for his absence from the hustings, by an address to his constituents, containing a recapitulation of truths, which an humbler individual durst not have recorded; and of which no ingenuity can evade the impression. It must be confessed, that he is a little inflammatory, but it is better to say too much on such subjects, than too little. He enumerates among the evils, under which we labour, "nine hundred millions of debt, inland fortresses, under the name of barracks: an army of German, and other foreign mercenaries; an army of spies, and informers, of tax and excise agents; an inquisition of private property; a phantom for a k—; a degraded aristocracy; an oppressed people; a confiding parliament; irresponsible ministers; a corrupt and intimidated press; pensioned justices; packed juries; vague and sanguinary laws; sometimes shamefully relaxed, at other times violently stretched beyond their tone; which together with a host of failures of foreign expeditions, and the present crushing burthen of taxation, are some of the bitter fruits of corruption in the House of Commons." Now Sir Francis surely does not mean to assert, that the indisposition of the king is one of the bitter fruits of corruption in the House of Commons; or that his indisposition can be removed by any political arrangements? and why, therefore does he enumerate among his excitements to reform, a calamity occasioned by the immediate visitation of the Almighty? His assertion, that we are afflicted with a corrupt and intimidated press, is in part re-

futed by the publication of his address; though it must be admitted that the circumstance does as much credit to his intrepidity, as to the forbearance of the crown, or the mildness of the law. "The Lord Chief Justice (continues Sir Francis) the Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, besides his salary, receives in sinecures, 8,993l. a year, besides having offices to sell, and participating in the emoluments of his own gaoler." To this assertion, Mr. Jones has published a reply, in which he positively asserts that Lord Ellenborough does not participate in his emoluments, directly or indirectly, and the declaration of Mr. Jones has called forth a rejoinder from a Mr. Baldwin, in which he very properly reminds the Marshal, that it appears from the evidence before the commissioners of military enquiry, that Lord Ellenborough *does* receive from Mr. Jones 800l. a year. But whether this be, or be not true, the emoluments of the Marshal himself are infamously great. He receives, as we have been credibly informed, no less than 16,000l. a year for performing the duties of a gaoler; and part of this is wrung from the unfortunate beings who, before they can enter into, or come out of, a prison, are obliged to pay the fees of admission and liberation.

On the other topics discussed in the address, we shall have many occasions of expressing our sentiments in our future numbers; and in the mean time, without pledging ourselves for the correctness of all the baronet's statements, or to the wisdom of his views, we recommend his address to the notice even of his enemies, as containing, within a moderate compass, the most important materials for reflection.

## THE GATTON MARK-ER! OR WHO WINS! A TRUE TALE!

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Who has not heard of Gatton, so famous in story,
Where two Burgesses chuse you—two parliament men!—
But corruption we're told, is for England's glory,
And if England thrives—and it does! Why what then?

Well, at Gatton—too gentlemen, honest good neighbours
Reside, and enjoy the true *otium cum dig.*
The *one* for his bread, in the pulpit oft' labours.
The *other* well bre , s fo lab our too big.

When the mantle of night hides the sun from our optics,
The club at the ale-house right merrily meet,
The Nabob—the Curate—Win, Doctor and *Chop-sticks*
With congee and compliments, each other treat.

The news of the day is discussed in full quorum,
" How vile Bonaparte *in Russia is bound!*"
Then tinkling the bell—with a smile, enters Jorum,
With pipes, and with ale, which he deals all around.

Old Jorum retired; the debate is resumed,
The smoke rises high, while the arguments flow,
The room with tobacco Virginian's perfumed,
The Auctioneer's tongue is just ready to go!

The Nabob exclaims, in a voice loud as thunder;
" By my valour, I wish I could meet the foul thief!
" I'd *astonish* you all—for this world's mighty wonder,
" I would kill—aye, and eat him! beyond all belief."

" Else wherefore did I, to support my dear country
" Support in the * * * * * all the minister's plans;

So, gents, you perceive now, that barring effrontery,
" How in Russia—if there, I'd *astonish* the Vans!"

Opinions thus started: I too well remember
Sound echos from Parson—from Doctor—from Chops,
*They* bend, where they *ought*, to the wealthy proud *member*;
But Win *lost* himself—(he when *a-going* ne'er stops!)

Contradiction, which many nights stuck in his gizzard,
Flew up, and the Nabob hit smack on the face:
The assult thus commenced (for which Win was no lizzard)
Was the signal for battle—Win—wins the disgrace!

For when passion's dominion imperiously ruling,
Gets hold of a Nabob's warm temper quite fast,
'Tis no wonder affronted, he gives over fooling,
And curses his folly, time present and past.

So Mark contradicted, found food for reflection;
Said he; " what an ass I have been this long time;
" My conduct will scarcely endure an inspection—
" With an Auctioneer base thus to spend all my prime."

" How darest thou, *fell* caitiff, abuse my opinion?
" But thy impudence now shall be laid on thy back!"
With those words he uplifted his cane on the *minion*,
And every blow sounded aloud, a clear—*thwack*!

The blows came so fast, that they palsied Win's noddle,
They set him " *a-going*"—the room echoed round,
" A-going! a-going!" Win essayed to toddle
In an instant—was *gone*! left his Mark on the ground.

" *Victoria*," the friends of the Nabob loud shouted,
" A health to the Nabob! so valiant in fight,
" Your prowess in Russia now cannot be doubted;
" Oh, Wood you were there, to set every thing right!"

The morning saw Win with a face white as custard
Rap loud at the door, where *Nick's agent* resides,

With strength scarce sufficient, his courage he mustered,
To relate how the Nabob belaboured his sides!

" Give me justice,said WIN; or I ne'er shall be happy,
" 'Tis MONEY I want, to relieve me from pain:
Said the agent:—"I prythee! my friend was you *nappy*,
And not *Able* to stand 'neath so wicked a *Cane*?"

" Oh, lord! My good friend, as a judge I was sober,
" The blows I received till I got to the door—
" I had taken, good Sir, but a little October,
" And knew that each blow was worth fifty pounds more.

" Well, Sir, since you value cash more than hard fighting,
" We'll trounce the Nabob, by the cudgels of law;"
So the briefs were prepared, and WIN's wrongs were in writing,
Then they parted till assize time—having shaken a paw.

The assizes commenced, and the judges assembled,
Sir MARK, the *defendant*, was called to appear,
WIN's case heard, and concluded—but, Lord, how he trembled!
When a TWELVEPENNY verdict saluted his ear!!!

MORAL.

Take heed, AUCTIONEERS—when irascible nabobs
Condescend to befriend ye—pray keep your tongues mute;
Or like WIN, when you quarrel, ye may *win* one o' HIS jobs—
" *A d——d hard beating and twelvepence in pocket to boot.*"

# THEATRICAL REVIEW.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri;
Quo me cunque rapit tempestas deferor *hospes.*

## Drury Lane.

*Oct.* 10.—This magnificent theatre was opened to the inspection of the public, and so eager was curiosity that the pit and gallery doors were absolutely inaccessible at three o'clock, *two hours* and a *quarter* before they were opened, notwithstanding the miserable plight of the streets—ankle deep in mud—and a heavy rain, which continued without ceasing the whole of the day, to all which the applicants for a seat in the theatre were exposed. At a quarter past five the doors were opened, when the rush at gallery, pit, and box, was tremendous; and the cries began of "O I shall be pressed to death,"—"Sir, you have got your hand in my pocket,"—"Sir, that's my watch in your hand," &c. &c. Shoes, hats, and fragments of coats, were seen flying in every direction, and the avenues resembled Monmouth-street on a windy day, with the contents of the various shops flying over the heads of the passengers. At the pit and gallery doors the people were almost suffocated by the heat of mingled breaths, which, owing to the density of the atmosphere, and the scarcity of windows in those parts of the building, could not disperse. At the boxes the rush was greater than was ever known at the box entrance of any theatre; so great, in short, that the outer doors were ordered to be temporarily closed, in order to facilitate the admission of those who had gained the interior. At length the theatre was crowded in every part, and thousands who could not gain admission, returned disappointed to their homes. And among the latter number were many persons who had taken boxes and seats as soon as the opening of the theatre was announced; but the war for seats resembled something of the O. P. and it was stoutly maintained that the managers had no right to LET seats on the opening night. But the rapture of the audience, on witnessing the superb decorations of the

interior, soon put an end to jarring individual interests, and a roar of applause testified the approbation of the public. Our limits this month, and the unusual press of more important matter, does not enable us to gratify our subscribers by a full and complete description of this stately structure; besides that we have got some weighty observations on the accommodations, and particularly the saloon, that costly school of licentiousness, which in its luxury holds out a lure of vice to the young, unpardonable—it is the very acme of dissipation—the very sink of prostitution—the Ottomans and all unite their grandeur and luxury to excite desire—the wanton finds it a ready market for her charms—the inexperienced youth a delightful paradise of ruin. We do not hesitate in advancing that the proprietors, when they considered the *purposes* of the saloon, by what class of *females* frequented, &c. degraded themselves to a par with the brothel-keeper, and have great and just claims on the landlady of the Key Hotel in Chandos-street, and her very amiable coadjutors. Prescribed then from entering at large into a description of the theatre, we shall defer the whole, with strictures, to our next.

The play was Hamlet, which was preceded by an address, delivered by Mr. Elliston, and from the pen of Lord Byron. We are by no means disposed to quarrel with this production, notwithstanding the outcry that has been raised against it. We are not of that disappointed class of poets who were ridiculous enough to enter the lists of competition, and it gives us pleasure to hear that a Colman, a Scott, a Moore, &c. &c. read with contempt the proprietor's advertisement, soliciting competition; it gives us pleasure, we say, for the proposal was degrading to the Muse of poesy, and none but empyrics answered the call. Lord Byron's address is by far the best we have seen; it is too long, and too prosaic, but it contains several well turned lines, several felicitous allusions, and is upon the whole smooth and flowing. It was not well delivered by Elliston.

What shall we say of Hamlet? is it not vexatious that

it is our duty to record the massacre of Shakespeare on the opening of Drury. Elliston was execrable. We never saw it enacted worse—yet Elliston was excellent compared with the rest of the dramatis personæ. If we except Dowton as Polonius, and Raymond as the Ghost, we never saw a worse company on the meanest provincial boards. Falstaff would have said—

"I will not march through Coventry with them, that's flat."

*Oct.* 15.—The Rivals, after which a new and diverting interlude, called "The Monologue, or the Genius of the Busbys," concluding with the popular farce of "Turn out." The performances of the theatre, since the opening, have not been of a nature to merit any peculiar notice, and we are led to an investigation on this evening owing to the production of a new species of drama, which was performed in the pit and boxes with a proportionate mixture of hisses and applause. The interlude was called "The Monologue," and it opened with an address from the boxes by Dr. Busby, in propria persona. The audience, unused to this species of drama, were at first very clamorous; and the after-piece was called for, "*Turn out,*" "*Turn out* ;" but the doctor, a learned civilian of true courage, maintained the unequal contest with a heroism knowing no parallel in poetic history. He talked—he fought—he rallied—he retreated—and with "the rage of lions," knocked down box-keepers, constables, &c. He would be heard, and though thrice beaten from the field, he was victorious at last: thus affording us an example of heroism and perseverance equalled only by Buonaparte at Lodi, at Marengo, and his most celebrated battles. The doctor was victorious, and thus ended the first act. The second commenced with the doctor's raising his lusty voice, and calling to his son Freddy in the pit to stand forward and recite his very superior address on the opening of Drury—his monologue, which had been rejected by the managers through foul *bribery* and *corruption*;—"stand forth, Freddy." Freddy obeyed the call, and groped his way to the stage.

The father was in raptures—the completion of his wishes—of his triumph—was at hand. "He's his father's boy," exclaimed the delighted doctor;"—"he's all my own—oh, ye envious critics—hear him—hear him—a pattern for the stage—I have written—HE shall recite."

Freddy, after numberless interruptions, at length commenced—

> "When *energizing* objects men pursue,
> What are the prodigies they cannot do."

A roar of laughter admitted the truth and grandeur of the lines. At length Freddy came to

> "Oft on these boards—no not *these* boards—"

The transports of the house were now unspeakable—the roar was not to be allayed—and Busby the son, after much entreaty, was led off the stage, where he had so astonished and delighted, by the stage-manager, Mr. Raymond.

Let us draw a veil over human infirmity—we have said enough.

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## ADDRESS BY LORD BYRON,

*Spoken by Mr. Elliston, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride,
In one short hour, beheldthe blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and SHAKESPEARE cease to reign.
Ye who beheld, oh sight, admired and mourned,
Whose radiance mocked the ruin it adorned!
Through clouds of fire, the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,
While thousands, thronged around the burning dome,
Shrank back appalled, and trembled for their home:
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till blackning ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for SHAKESPEARE—worthy him and *you*?
Yes—it shall be—The magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame,
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been*:—

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